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LITERARY ANODYNES.

THE whole world seems lately to have resolved itself into a commission on fiction. With an extreme and owl-like gravity mortals write essays in which fiction is treated as if it were, or should be, the last word of humanity. The first recorded word of man was not absolutely accurate, and his last may also be fictitious, but in the mean time one may protest that novels are not a kind of *Novum Organon*. They cannot contain, and they need not pretend to contain, the whole sum of mortal thought, knowledge, and experience, with a good deal of prophecy thrown in. Yet this attempt is what many earnest novelists are coming to. You take up one book from the library, or you even buy it, and lo! it contains a new religion, or what the author (who may not have deeply studied the history of creeds) thinks is new. The next three volumes are a parable of how "life may be lived well," when the old morality has been superseded in favor of the new morality—socialism and free love. Now, one may live to see socialism tried, but, to a mature person, it is a great comfort that free love will not affect *him*. The newer and higher moralists may take the property of the elderly citizen, but they (the young ones at least) will not fall on his neck and embrace him as he takes his walks abroad. This reflection is comforting, but it prevents one from reading novels about how we are to live when we all do as the more emotional of our authors think we ought to do. A third romance neither tells us what we ought to believe, nor the truth as it is in Mr. Mudie's, nor how we ought to

behave when that state of things arrives which Carew foresaw and prophesied in *The Rapture*. The third novel describes, with dismal minuteness, the loves of a piano-tuner and a lady teacher in a high-school. The loves come to nothing, and so does the interest, but the record is so conscientiously dismal that perhaps it is a masterpiece. In any case, it makes the reader wish that he had never been born, or, at all events, that the author had never been born. The fourth venture with the box from the circulating library may try to enliven us with the more seamy side of the life of a married couple, whose attempts to divorce each other are paralyzed by the interventions of that malignant being, the Queen's Proctor. To explain *his* functions in English society is not for a critical, but still chaste and untarnished, pen: I must refer the studious to the learned pages of modern romance.

Here, then, are four kinds of novels—four popular kinds. Here is the novel of the new religion, the novel of the new society that declines to have any religion, the novel of dismal commonplace, and the novel of the divorce court. Can any poor man or woman who reads romance for amusement, and because it serves as an anodyne, get diversion, or comfort, or oblivion (except in slumber), from any of these? I do not say that these philosophies of all things in three volumes have no right to exist. "We have all a right to exist, we and our works," as even Mr. Matthew Arnold admitted. But people have also a right to exist who read novels for the purpose of being amused, and of forgetting. Now, what does an able-bodied voter, or a sensible lady, want to forget, in this age of ours? Why, he (or she) wants to forget everything to be read about in the newspapers (except in Sporting Intelligence), and everything to be heard about from the pulpit, and everything in real life that saddens and perplexes. A man wants his novel to be an anodyne. From the romancer he demands what the wife of Thon of Egypt gave Helen,—nepenthe,—the draught magical which puts pain and sorrow out of mind. Is this a selfish, unfeeling demand? It seems to me that one might as rationally call the timely tendency to sleep at night unfeeling and selfish. Are not some fourteen hours of the day enough wherein to fight with problems, and worry about faiths, and rend one's heart with futile pities and powerless indignations? Leave me an hour in the day, not to work in, or ponder in, or sorrow in; but to dream in, or to wander in the dreams of others. Into these dreams, printed and bound, let as little of truth come as may be; let me forget the

sweating system, and the European situations, and party government, and a phantom fleet, and a stunted army. Let me forget that "miracles do not happen"; carry me where they *do* happen. Let me forget that nobody marries his true love; bear me to that enchanted realm where, as the ballad says,

> "Oh, ye may keep your lands and towers,
> Ye have that lady in your bowers;
> And ye may keep your very life,
> Ye have that lady for your wife!"

Weary me no more, for this hour, with your shades of theological opinion; let me be happy with that god of the old French tale, that "god who loveth lovers." Close the veil on the brutes who kick women to death, and raise the curtain on gallant deeds, and maidens rescued, and dragons and duennas discomfited. Pour out the nepenthe, in short, and I shall not ask if the cup be gold chased by Mr. Stevenson, or a buffalo-horn beaker brought by Mr. Haggard from Kukuana-land, or the Baron of Bradwardine's Bear, or the "cup of Hercules" of Théophile Gautier, or merely a common café wine-glass of M. Fortuné du Boisgobey's or M. Xavier de Montépin's. If only the nepenthe be foaming there,—the delightful draught of dear forgetfulness,—the outside of the cup may take care of itself; or, to drop metaphor, I shall not look too closely at an author's manner and style, while he entertains me in the dominion of dreams. Opium-smokers do not care for marble halls; they can have visions in a hovel. Novel-reading, as here understood, is confessed to be a kind of opium-smoking. But it has none of the ill effects of that other narcotic; it may be taken with temperance; it cheers, and it does not inebriate, except the very young. As a very small boy, I once made and consumed, with distasteful results, certain cigarettes. This I did, not that I liked smoking, but because Captain Mayne Reid's heroes made and smoked cigarettes. They also took scalps, and fought grizzly bears, and associated with earless trappers. Circumstances made it impossible for me to imitate those feats, but I could and did roll cigarettes, and make arrows with stone heads. This was an example of the inebriation of romance, but only very small boys are affected in this way. The mature can take a grown person's dose of fiction with impunity. Judges are notorious novel-readers; yet I never heard that they fled from their wedded wives to woo strange maidens because such things are done in romance. Prince Bismarck, probably, never assassinated any one in all his days (what-

ever M. Henri Rochefort may think), yet Gaboriau is held to be the Prince's favorite author. "The world is too much with us," and the world must be still more with Prince Bismarck. That is why, no doubt, he enjoys novels which are not of any world, still less of his own distinguished *monde*. These dukes of Gaboriau's, who shoot people in low *cabarets* from the best of motives, and all because of the consequences of some affair that occurred in the First Crusade, or at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, are dwellers in no world but fairy-land.

To get into fairy-land—that is the aspiration of all of us whom the world oppresses. Mr. Howells may assure us that the part of modern fiction is to make to-day more actual, more real, to show us the kind, ugly, manly face of life—I do not quote his words, but the general sense of them. Well, Fiction may do that if she can, may do it for people who do not find to-day a great deal too actual for their taste already, who do not see the face of life at too close quarters. But many—the majority, one fancies—want to forget to-day now and then, to live a while unconditioned by time and space and evolutions. The old roads to fairy-land are lost: you may walk nine times "widdershins" round any fairy gnome, and the door will not open into that enchanted climate. The Fairy Queen will not "borrow" us, as she borrowed Tamlane, but how we wish she would! We cannot reach that land of glad appearances, where none but the foolish cared to see that all the beautiful dames were mere shells and semblances, and the Queen herself but the ghost of dread Persephone. Cut off from the fairy world, tied down to a world in which there are but few exceptions, at best, to the workings of the laws of Nature, we are driven into the domain of make-believe and of romance. In fiction we have the interest of realistic photographs of the life we know too well, realistic studies of the development of characters like our own petty characters, thwarted passions, unfulfilled ambitions, tarnished victories over self, over temptations, melancholy compromises, misery more or less disguised, dull dinner-parties, degraded politics. This is the stuff of the fiction that calls itself natural and real—this, and the study of blind forces of society, blind uneasy movements of the unhappy collective mass of mankind. To write about all this in novels may be considered a kind of moral and artistic duty; to read about it may be regarded as a discipline. I deny the duty: let the press and the pulpit and the platform see to it. I don't want the

discipline; enough of it one gets every day, and too much. The discipline is a *discipline* in the old sense,—a constant self-flagellation; the wearing, voluntarily, of an iron chain studded with spikes.

So true is this that, as the world unavoidably gets more terribly real and earnest, romance and literary anodynes will be more and more in demand. When the Civil War began in England, when things were at their sharpest and hardest for that season, we find Lovelace recommending Sidney's *Arcadia* to his Lucasta. An escape into a peaceful world of shepherds and singers was what this gallant soldier asked, and what all of us who continue to read will soon be asking from the Muse of Fiction. Very great skill and art may be expended in drawing people exactly like our tormented and bewildered selves, with experience like our own; but this art will give us neither joy nor any rest. A person who is yet young enough to feel the distresses of the heart, and who is actually feeling them, will hardly be able to read a novel in which these regrets and disasters are too minutely studied, in which he sees his own tortured face as in a glass. He will want something very different, as Carlyle felt the need of Marryat's novels in the literary misfortune of his life. The course of things at present makes for disorder and unhappiness. Nobody but the stormy petrels of our race can enjoy this. We are driven, perforce, to the shores of old or new romance, and are compelled to care less for the feelings and emotions and thoughts of fictitious characters, than merely for a sequence of exciting events. We are concerned, in fiction, with what happens, if it be forcibly described, rather than with what is suffered or thought by the fictitious persons of the tale. Happily, the world is well supplied with books in which plenty of unusual events are made to happen with sufficient frequency and lack of verisimilitude. From the *Odyssey* to the *Arabian Nights*, from those to *Don Quixote*, to Sir Walter Scott, to Dumas, to Mr. Stevenson, to the *Mystery of the Hansom Cab*, if you please, or to *Mr. Barnes of New York*, there be records enough of the deeds that never were done. An eminent English novelist, a student of character, has just remarked to me that, in ten years, the romance of impossible adventure "in fairy lands forlorn" will be extinct and out of fashion. On the other hand, if this *genre* be well done after its kind, it can never cease to hold its readers. Sindbad has outlived a thousand tales of analysis, or of realism, or of religious maundering, and will outlive them all. The eternal child in the human breast will never cease to demand this sort of entertainment, and there will

always be somebody to take the child on his knee and tell him a story.

Look at *Mr. Barnes of New York* and its myriads of readers. What attracted them? A picture of actual life, knowledge of the world, knowledge of the human heart, a well-graced style, sagacious reflections? Nothing of the kind: merely a rattling narrative; merely another shake of the old kaleidoscope of romance, in which the familiar glittering bits of colored glass have fallen into a more or less novel arrangement. Not every one can shake the kaleidoscope so that the bits of glass shall dispose themselves cleverly, but he who can will ever find men, women, and boys eager to pay for a look into his peep-show. This is the reason of the success of M. Fortuné du Boisgobey and of M. Xavier de Montépin. The former scarcely takes the trouble, as a rule, to give the kaleidoscope a new shake. Give him a murder, a mutilated body, a fast young man with a good heart, a selection from the *demi-monde*, an *ingénue*, a duel, a diving-bell, and a game of baccarat—with these and a villain (who generally cheats at cards), M. Fortuné du Boisgobey and his public are content. He gives his little tube a toss, the baccarat and the duel assume new relations to the murder and the *ingénue*, and lo! the novel is written. It is not very high art,—far from that,—but you go on reading because things do really occur in the tale, because you are curious, and because your curiosity makes you forget your work, forget your sorrow, forget "problems," metaphysical, social, religious, financial, or political. You are wrapped in a cloud of the author's *nugae*, and *totus in illis*. It is the same with the admirable M. Xavier de Montépin. How many young ladies have I seen him throw out of the window of railway carriages, and over bridges! How often have I assisted at a kidnapping of the heroine, who, being spirited away to some lonely criminal bower, cannot be boring one with love scenes for some considerable time at least! How many wills have I witnessed,—forged wills; how many blameless *ouvriers* have I seen arrested on false charges; of how many murders, in sepulchres and in four-wheeled cabs, have I not been the delighted spectator! Heaven forbid that one should compare these rapid and facile ingenuities to the works of artists in romance—of Scott, or (in his strange field, the churchyard,) of Edgar Poe, or of Alexandre the Great. But as long as the *feuilleton* helps one through a rainy evening or a long railway journey, and banishes thought and kills time, these great enemies, let us never be ungrateful to the *feuilleton*. Whereas, if one assails

the dreary evening or the railway journey with a much more pretentious naturalistic or analytic novel, one might as well spend the time with one's own saddest thoughts and most bitter memories.

The world is aware of this, though it may hide its knowledge, and judges and maid-servants alike prefer a pleasant dip into the well of oblivion, the well of romance that keeps these rare shadows floating on its waves. A pitcher of water from this well it was, no doubt, that Venus sent Psyche to bring for her. Shall we not be thankful to the bold adventurers who carry it home for us, for the tired and unimaginative? They may bring it, like Scott, in a golden pitcher, or, like the author of *Mr. Barnes of New York*, in a travelling-flask, but it is the right water for our present thirst. To take a strong example: one feels incapable, without a resolute struggle, of sitting down to the tremendous Tolstoï, or the dismal Dostoiefsky, or the latest Scythian or Servian novelist. But one takes up Sir Walter's last, and not his best, *Count Robert of Paris*, and one is a boy again, back among the mysteries of the Byzantine Court, and nearly as happy with the Varangian as with Quentin Durward. What is this magic of the story-teller, that makes D'Artagnan and Athos our life-long friends, that keeps us as curious on a fifth reading as when we knew not what was about to happen to Porthos or Aramis? These gentry deal with no social problems, but with the accidents of adventurous life as they arise: they never preach; they never hunt for epigrams till the reader is as tired of the chase as the author must have been. They offer us no new religion in three volumes; they do not even attack the old; in fact, our ancient friends in Scott and Dumas compete neither with the newspaper nor with the thoughtful monthly magazine. A constant competition with these dismal educational forces makes the serious novel of to-day so tedious and so uninviting. Even with the *Society Journal* do even the most serious novels compete, and you feel that they are full of personalities understanded of a few, and that the rest of the world is howling for a "key." Let him use the key who will, and thread the labyrinth, and listen to the wisdom, and canvass the problems. The great world will in the long run prefer even a wild legend from the *Family Herald*, or will go wandering with Sindbad again in the Diamond Valley, or with Aladdin in the rich vaults underground, will haunt the House of the Seven Gables, or dwell in the lichened Old Manse of many Mosses. The more part of us, above all, the silent and uncritical multitude, are lovers of the Fairy

Queen, and wilfully dwell in the land of illusion and romance. Glamour is better than truth sometimes, and moonlight than daylight; and the dear folk who never were, Porthos and Leatherstocking, Dugald Dalgetty and Locksley, are more substantial than the shadows of ourselves who fill the earnest modern novel with the shadows of our sorrows and the thin echo of our complaints. These are the sad ghosts, and unholy, whom it is wiser to shun, for the company of happier and gayer unsubstantialities.

Consider, for example, M. Daudet's novel *L'Immortel*, which appears at this moment, as I write. What an industrious dulness, what a leaden weight above the gay fantastic talent of the author of *Tartarin de Tarascon*. I have read articles in which M. Daudet was talked of as the impeccable and faultless novelist, and "they were friends of ours," as Aristotle says, when he differs from Plato, "who brought forward this opinion." M. Daudet is a charming writer when he treats of his own South and his happy southern countrymen. But when he writes as a Parisian of Paris, truly from the literary cup he offers us it is pleasure to abstain. It is a comfort to speak one's mind about M. Daudet's later novels. They appear to me to combine the temper of the society journalist with the over-anxious research of words, which is the joy of the "art-critic." M. Daudet has observation, but it is too sedulously minute; he has wit, but it has become too bitter and unkind; he has knowledge of the world, but how much of that knowledge even a foreigner may glean from the *Figaro* or *Gil Blas*. The old Latin saw says that "indignation makes verses"; not poetry, of course, but verses. Indignation, even when it is not envy in disguise, does not make good novels. The humor and the good-humor which Fielding implored the muse to lend him, are absent wholly from M. Daudet's *L'Immortel*. It is an angry study, through a microscope, of the tempers and intrigues of Parisian literary society, or, at least, of the official class of literary people. There is not one noble, or generous, or unselfish character in the book, scarce even one honorable motive. The plot, what there is of it, is borrowed from a thread-bare stupid old scandal,—the anecdote of the mathematician who bought the forged autographs. A mathematician might do that, but M. Daudet's hero, or victim, is not a mathematician. As a professed historian and man of letters, he could hardly have made this colossal blunder in his own province; if he had strayed into mathematics, then, doubtless, he might equally have blundered. All the other characters, except,

perhaps, the jolly painter who cares not for things academic, are a joyless, loveless, faithless company of mean intriguers. They are, as a rule, corrupted by the Academy; they are mean, lustful, avaricious, larcenous, and you lay down this piece of *naturalisme* with the certainty that it is eminently unnatural, as unnatural as the leaden and deluged July whose rain beats the windows as I write.

You cannot make a good novel out of bitterness, ill-temper, sarcasm, the hunt for adjectives, the study of unredeemed mental and moral depravity, and a collection of venerable and virulent anecdotage. It is not a very good world that we live in, or we would be less eager to leave it for the world of Leather-stocking or of Allan Quatermain. But a world in which old literary *crétins* would accept the dishonor of their daughters for the chance of a vote in an election to the Academy, seems distinctly a worse world than that in which we live and move. Of the two kinds of pictures, the frankly imaginative and impossible is more true and real than the other, —the naturalistic, the realistic, the world of the reporter of the "Society" press. It may be urged that to come back to common life after a long-drawn interview with M. Daudet's characters is like escaping from the Inferno into Purgatory. Perhaps; but why should we voluntarily visit the Inferno at all? Like most literary questions, this is, ultimately, a question of taste, and cannot be argued further. But, for my own part, when I hear M. Daudet and his followers praised as if they were worthy to sit in the chair of Cervantes or of Fielding, I am glad to remember that it is always easy to fall back on the Waverley Novels, or to look forward to the next batch of boys' books, or even to beg, or buy, or borrow a volume of the *Family Herald*, or a narrative by the author of *The Leavenworth Case*. These, or any other literary anodynes, are needed to make one forget the vivisection of academic monstrosities performed by M. Daudet. Certainly the maddest of impossible plots is better than the stale story of M. Chasles and his collection of forged autographs, with which M. Daudet attempts to enliven our leisure. "Not here," O Tartarin, "are haunts meet for thee." Not by these verities will mankind be made merrier, or better, or wiser, though grateful they may be that things are not so bad, nor men and women so vile, as in M. Daudet's novel.

ANDREW LANG.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

In this age of new departures, it is important to estimate the character of any movement which marks either a transition or a revolution. This is the condition of our understanding its problems; and it is also the only legitimate approach to their solution. The movement of which we speak is only a part of the convergent tendencies in all scientific thought, and illustrates the usual phenomena of a reaction. In the philosophic field it is a conflict between introspection and experiment, with the tide of sympathy in favor of the latter. Older and traditional methods are paralyzed in the presence of an instrument whose triumphant success everywhere else secures all presumptions in its support. One after another of the sciences has had its baptism in experimental methods, and has proceeded thenceforward in a presumably regenerated course of life. Last among them seems to have been the subject of psychology, which claims to have achieved thereby the last step in its removal from an anomalous position. But in the confusion of the transition we are not all aware of the meaning which attaches to the change, and perhaps forget the dangers which beset the path of deviation from the accumulated conceptions of the past. It is not our purpose, however, to carry on a polemic discussion. The present article will be occupied with the statement and explanation of a tendency in the science of psychology, —a tendency of which many are more or less unconscious, and which many others have not the courage to acknowledge. Discussion of its merits will only be incidental, since the temper of public opinion on the one side is intolerant of criticism, and on the other is not prepared to conduct a scientific defence. It will suffice for the present, therefore, if we can give a careful exposition and analysis of the problem which psychological inquiry has endeavored to solve. In order to do this, and in order to realize just what the tendency of modern psychology is, we propose at least three general topics for consideration. They are: (1) the influences in science and philosophy which affect the very conception of the subject; (2) the origin, growth, and development of the experimental method in psychology, with the implications involved in it; (3) the place and

importance of neurological causes and morbid phenomena in the question, such as hallucinations, insanity, and spiritualistic events. Connected questions will appear incidentally in the discussion; but these general topics will define sufficiently the character of the problem to be investigated.

What is the "New Psychology"? Wherein does it differ from any other? The answer to these questions will reveal mental tendencies everywhere concomitant with new scientific impulses. Of course, the name is meant to be contrasted with what is often disparagingly known as the "Old Psychology." But there may be something invidious in making or admitting such a comparison. This depends upon the person making it, and it is here that the mind needs to be on its guard against concealed implications. In philosophy, as elsewhere, the personal equation affects the content and interpretation of every conception we possess, and will determine the kind of reception it meets at the hands of others. Hence the import of what is characterized in the "new" or "old psychology" will be very much influenced by the spirit which is shown for or against either of them; by the ulterior end to be served in the maintenance of a particular opinion. Each view has its advocates and its opponents, and we can hardly admit the expressions "new" and "old" without involving ourselves in the problems which both this distinction and the interests of party controversy force upon us. The very possibility of making the distinction is significant, when taken in connection with what every advanced student must know to be the characteristic spirit of the age; namely, a general revolt against traditional theories. Therefore we suspect that a proper examination of the new departure, as represented by a large number of its advocates, will reveal a more or less disguised form of "psychology without a soul." This is professedly the position of Ribot and some other writers of that school. An unconscious tendency in this direction can be seen in the very definition of the subject as affected by current philosophic speculations.

Psychology has been traditionally known as the "science of the soul." But all those influences which have been embodied in Hume, Kant, Comte, and the representative minds of those schools, sceptical in their ontological beliefs, have conspired to disparage such a definition of it, because it was supposed to beg the question, while there could be no doubt as to the phenomena about which it was concerned. This influence appeared in the reaction against Cartesianism.

The mutual exclusion of thought and extension in that philosophy necessitated a system of dualism; but this created as great a problem as it solved. It was encumbered with the grave difficulty of finding any connection between the physical and the psychical, between matter and mind,—a connection which was an indisputable fact, but rendered impossible by the Cartesian theory. Every one is familiar with Spinoza's attempt at the solution of the problem with the dualistic conception of phenomena still retained; also with Leibnitz's modification of this view by his doctrine of "pre-established harmony." But, since Kant, monistic tendencies have been dominant, which refuse to recognize the Cartesian antithesis between thought and extension, and, combined with the agnosticism implied more or less by the distinction between phenomena and "things in themselves," have favored a *phenomenological* as opposed to an *ontological* definition of the science. The implication was, of course, that a definition of it must represent what all could agree to be a proper subject of distinct investigation, or, barring this agreement, its nature as a science must be abandoned. If it were occupied only with a purely speculative question about the *ground* of consciousness, those who felt obliged to take the agnostic position in regard to our knowledge of it, although at no variance with others about the peculiar nature of the facts, would also be obliged to deny that there ever would be a "science" of such a being or "subject," while admitting the existence, order, significance, and classifiable character of phenomena which have to be distinguished from all others. Hence the only recourse seemed to be a definition of the science in terms of phenomena, which, although they implied a subject, did not determine the nature of that subject in a dogmatic manner, or in favor of the associations and presumptions of dualism. In whatever way, therefore, the conception of psychology was expressed, whether as investigation of thought, of the mind, of knowledge, of psychical functions, etc., it was accepted as the *science of the phenomena of consciousness*. The question which such a conception of psychology leaves open to farther investigations will appear as we proceed. It is unquestionably one which offers some possibilities to the theory of materialism.

It will be interesting to point out some other facts looking in the same direction, and they may be introduced by an incident which represents the great influence of Kant. German philosophic tastes, and the thorough way in which the Kantian movement stamped

itself upon the thought of succeeding periods, have prevented the German mind from being oblivious to the importance of introspection in psychology. The validity of that aspect of it has not been questioned, and hence, when modifying their views of the subject to suit the requirements of advanced discovery, and perhaps of changed methods, German thinkers have not drawn an invidious comparison between "new" and "old," but have chosen to denominate the advanced position assumed as "physiological psychology," or "psychophysics." This had the merit of evading an antagonistic front to the past, and of preserving, or endeavoring to preserve, the proper continuity between what had previously been gained and what was still to be realized. It was merely supplementary to what had been done. So far as "new" and "old" are used to characterize nothing more than this, there can be no objection to them. If the "new" indicates only the increment which has been given to our knowledge of the subject by modified methods, and does not mean to disparage the main instrument of all psychological inquiry, no insinuations will be charged to its account. But if its implications are to involve the disparagement of logical and introspective analysis, all who are interested in the prevention or suppression of scientific dogmatism must interpose a remonstrance. It is possible to maintain that introspection is the condition of successful experiment. The prejudice against its employment originated from false implications growing out of its abuse, and not from any knowledge of what it really meant.

Among English-speaking people, with a predominant tendency to easy and practical methods of speculation, and with a theology largely cast in the mould of Platonism and Cartesianism, there has grown up the habit of urging a naïve conception of psychology, which, although protesting against sensational analogies in its definition, is too frequently affected by that very influence. In this country, education has been much influenced by that view of the subject which has induced physicists and scientists at large to think and speak of psychology as a kind of introduction to theology. It has been but recently that any disposition to revolt against this so-called usurpation could receive any public favor or recognition. But after it did appear, supported as it was by all the scientific tendencies of the age, and with a strongly contracted prejudice against speculative methods which it had been the combined effort of all movements to overthrow, it was natural that the assault upon the metaphysics of psychology should be accompanied by a strong hostility to

the recognized methodological instrument by which ontological views were built up and supported. In this way the disparagement of introspection arose, and with it the disposition to consider only the physical and physiological aspects of the problem. It is a fact to be admitted that the dualistic influence of the older psychology had a tendency to suppose, and even to emphasize, a complete antithesis between introspective and experimental methods. The introspective method exerted all its power to exclude the introduction of mechanical and material cause into the explanation of mental phenomena. Its aim was to find an explanation which would employ psychical causes and conditions, instead of physiological. The facts which it had to deal with could not be reached in the same way as those of the material world, and it was reasonably asked whether they could be explained in the same way. Foreign interests reinforced this position, and introspection came to be the chosen weapon for combating materialism. As soon, therefore, as the former would fall into ill-repute, the latter would reap the results of a reaction, such as we see everywhere in progress.

Now, introspection is supposed by the scientist to have shut itself up in that self-secluded independence which must be made responsible for many of the consequences that have followed refusal to come into contact with objective facts. At any rate, scientific minds that could not, or would not, follow it into the misty and mazy systems of the last century and the beginning of the present, were glad to think it a Will o' the Wisp, in order to excuse their unwillingness to accept its guidance, although not wanting in the curiosity that would lure them by the light of hope into speculations from which there is no escape but by metaphysics. But having once discredited the instrument by which idealism had endeavored to vindicate a spiritual view of the world and of man, the metaphysics with which the scientist would return under such circumstances would most likely carry the colors of materialism. The extension of experimental methods generally, favored by an aversion to admitting that any field could be excepted from inquiry of that kind, and the general belief that all phenomena are under the control of *laws* representing the complete unity of nature, prejudiced the scientific world in favor of unifying all methods of investigation, and of studying mental as we do material phenomena. The basis, therefore, upon which psychology seemed to be most secure, and most free from the disturbances of fanciful speculations, was assumed to

be that in which its facts and laws could be ascertained with objective accuracy. Introspection was confessedly excluded from the presentation of such results. Experimental methods offered better promises under the prestige of success in other fields, and the familiar conceptions which the idea of invariable mechanical law promulgated, in direct antithesis to the free causation of consciousness and volition, readily persuaded the mind, in its love of unity, to comprehend in the range of physical sequence and dependence the residual phenomena of knowledge which had before appeared outside the province of material conditions. In this way an irresistible, and perhaps unconscious, tendency to materialistic views has accompanied the reaction against introspective psychology.

We have presented the purely psychological aspect of the tendency under consideration, and now turn to the origin and extension of experimental methods in mental science. Here again we meet the influence of Kant, who, singularly enough, may be deemed the source of the modern view which in many minds is expected to supplant transcendental idealism. This is making a Nemesis of his psychology to destroy his metaphysics. In classifying the characteristics of experience, that philosopher remarked two general properties belonging to it. They were its *extensity* and its *intensity*. In the "Axioms of Intuition," he noted that all experience represented *extensive magnitudes;* that is, consisted of phenomena in the forms of time and space. It, therefore, possessed commensurable *quality*. In the "Anticipations of Perception," he observed that all experience represented *intensive magnitudes*, or degree; that is, was a phenomenon with the characteristic of intensity. Experience thus possessed commensurable *quantity*. The suggestion of commensurability was enough. Herbart seized upon it and made a step in advance. He sought to ascertain a mathematical relation, although in the most abstract way, between two assumed intensities in experience, where one was struggling to supplant or suppress the other. Here was an attempt to apply mathematics to psychology, and to obtain results as definite as in the mechanical sciences, which traditional views had separated from the mental sciences by the very characteristic of mathematical applications in the former alone. Although applied only to intensive magnitudes, it was not long in finding its relation to the extensive; namely, space-perception and physiological time. The "sum of arrest" was the formula of Herbart's doctrine, and in seeking to express the real or imaginary point at which this quantity

vanished into zero, or the unconscious, he gave rise to the conception of a "threshold" *(Schwelle des Bewusstseins)*, which served as a convenient position from which to reckon the relation between the amount of stimulus and the intensity of sensation. Although not himself experimenting upon this, the natural outcome of his conceptions could have been easily predicted. Weber and Fechner, instead of conducting the problem in the speculative and abstract form it assumed with Herbart, began to experiment in order to determine the ratio between stimulus and sensation, with results which need not be detailed here.

It suffices to know that certain mathematical relations and formulas were approximately ascertained, and afforded a strong presumption for exact methods in a sphere from which they had hitherto been excluded. Experimental investigation of space-perception, visual, tactual, and aural, soon followed; then physiological time, including reaction and association time. The analysis of sound, overtones, rhythm in hearing, and optical phenomena of every conceivable character, became the subject of inexhaustible inquiry on the part of Helmholtz, Wundt, and others. With astonishing rapidity, the general method involving physiological inquiry was pushed into the question of motor and reflex actions, the localization of mental functions, dreams, illusions, hallucinations, sensorial activity in after-images, hypnotism, epilepsy, aphasia, paranoia, insanity, and morbid mental and nervous phenomena of all kinds that promised to be experiments of nature's own, and that could not be artificially produced. Under the same methods and impulse has appeared careful scientific inquiry into "mind-reading," "thought-transference," telepathy, slate-writing, ghost-hunting, and spiritualistic phenomena generally. The "new psychology" may have no right to the monopoly of such subjects; but the thorough and earnest way in which it has gone to work with them, after accepting the challenge to investigate them, will impress the general mind with its exclusive right to the honors and rewards of success. But many do not appreciate the tendency represented in the appropriation of morbid phenomena, and those "unexplored remainders" which have been the fruitful appeal of philosophic quacks; so absorbed has been their curiosity in the discovery of new and interesting facts and explanations. The influence of its results will unquestionably be beneficial, but there is a concealed concomitant tendency, which would diminish the applause in its favor, were many who welcome

the new departure conscious of what it means. Some facts will be necessary to make this evident.

The materialistic tendency of the "new psychology" appears in two different aspects of the subject—the psychological and the physiological. The first of these refers to the investigations in sensation, its quality and quantity, "perception," "apperception," "association," and "volitional time," with certain deductions which the influence of traditional methods will force upon opinion, whether they are legitimate or not. The second refers to neurological phenomena as conditions of consciousness, and the relation of morbid mental activities to the nervous system. We shall consider these in their order.

In the brief account which represents the rise and development of experimental methods, we observed that the sphere of such investigations was confined almost entirely to *sensation*. The only approach to higher psychical processes is in "reaction time," the "compass of consciousness," and the rhythm or "oscillation of apperception" (attention), as they are called by Wundt. In all these, however, there are two facts to remark, whose significance will be the subject of comment. *First*, the expression of results in mathematical terms and formulas, which at least insinuates, if it does not affirm, the application of mathematics to psychology; *second*, the interpenetration and interdependence of all mental phenomena, from the simplest to the most complex, so that they seem to form a compact whole of the same kind, and incapable of an analysis implying an independent existence for given units in it. That is, sensational and rational processes no longer seem to have that independence of each other which the psychology of Plato and Locke attributed to them. It will not be necessary to detail the significance of the first fact. Every one knows what associations are connected with the applications of mathematics, and that the controversy, not yet ended, about Weber's and Fechner's law of the ratio between stimulus and the intensity of sensation, involves the problem of materialism and mentalism at its basis. It may not rightly involve this; because it can be shown that the investigation proceeds in a way the inverse of that in the physical sciences, and possesses data which are incommensurable in terms of each other. Nevertheless, the sound of mathematics in psychology, from which it has been systematically excluded, has been enough to disturb old associations, without taking the pains to inquire about the method of their application. The

reduction of psychical processes to the formulas of physics has a very suspicious look about it, to those who have been accustomed to conceive, in the spirit of Cartesianism, a complete antithesis between mental and material laws. Mathematics gives a definiteness to such phenomena that associates them with the only phenomena which have hitherto been supposed capable of exact investigation; and hence the triumph of experiment in the field of sensation and physiological time seems just so much of a subtraction from the claims of mentalism, and a corresponding reinforcement for the physical view of the subject.

The second fact requires more particular notice. Opponents of materialism have placed much stress upon the distinction between sensation and thought. This grew out of Cartesianism where it was employed to express the difference between neural and psychical action, sensation being identified with the former, as in the case of animals, which were regarded as automata. Assured of this view, the mentalist depended entirely upon making good the existence of psychical functions "independent" of sensation, and so materialism was associated with every reduction of mental activity to modification of sense-products. Later psychology, however, does not identify sensation with neural functions, whatever the latter may do to condition it. Kantianism has connected it too closely with consciousness to admit of its classification with the subconscious processes of the material organism, even if it be finally explained as a *sui-generis* mode of motion in the nervous system. But nevertheless conceptions retain their implications long after their original import has passed into oblivion. So it has been with sensation, and hence a removal of the old distinction between it and thought would not at the same time overcome the materialistic associations traditionally connected with the change. The result seems a conquest in favor of physiology. To the idealist, of course, it does not seem so. But this theory has so many difficulties of another kind, and is so generally repugnant to the conception of physical science, that it does not command a large enough support to check the confidence and dogmatism of scientists. Besides, the results of discovery are claimed, and perhaps are too frequently admitted, to be all on the other side. The course of investigation, influenced by that conception of continuity which has been so fruitful in the theory of evolution, and by the doctrine of the conservation of energy, has shown a correlation between physiological and psychological functions which seems to

violate all the traditions of dualism. Then, the immanence and unity of consciousness in all psychical phenomena, showing the interpenetration of sensation and thought, or, in Kantian phraseology, the immanence of the "categories of the understanding," in experience, set at defiance all argument based upon the old formulas which express an antithesis between sense and intelligence. The issue of the controversy, therefore, depends entirely upon the question whether we can idealize sensation and retain the conceptions connected with a spiritual view of things, or whether we must sensationalize thought and accept the traditional implications charged to such a doctrine.

The continuity of all forms of mental activity, from the simplest to the most complex, can be briefly presented. For instance, a sensation is such only as it is known; it can exist only as a form of consciousness. To know it is to condition it by an intellectual as well as an external act. Perception, a necessary concomitant and constituent of it, involves the judgment of an object, of cause and effect, of its relation, perhaps, to previous states of consciousness. The sensation itself may vary in nature and intensity with the stress of attention, or with the modifying influence of association, habit, and excitement. Apart from the co-presence of such elements, we know not what the phenomenon is. To our knowledge, it is not determined in its character solely by the nature of the external stimulus. In addition to the specific energy of the nerves, the influences we have mentioned affect its content to such a degree that it is impossible to tell how much is sensational, and how much is intellectual or ideal. Then, also, we discover that it is impossible to have any state of consciousness without its accompaniment of interest and emotion. Every sensation and every state of mind has its quantum of pleasure and pain in one form or another. To be a state of consciousness also, they involve attention in a greater or less degree of concentration; now distributed, perhaps, over a large area of sensorial activity, and again converged upon a particular point of interest. Now, both schools of opinion agree that attention involves will and volition, at least so far as mere intellectual choice is concerned. Then, further, it is demonstrated that it can scarcely occur without more or less of an automatic tendency to motor activity. This is most clearly seen in binocular vision, where the variation of attention will affect the translocation of images, and motor sensations seem unavoidable. In

Wundt's theory of space perception,—founded upon a larger generalization than visual phenomena, and availing itself of the generally admitted fact that no mental action can take place without a corresponding and correlative influence upon the whole organism, perhaps noticeable in the variations of muscular tonicity, as attention is distributed or concentrated,—this continuity of sensorial and psychical functions is very clearly represented. The long-standing distinction between motor and sensory functions is broken down by the hypothesis of "central and innervation sensations," which are assumed to be "feelings of effort" and functions of the motor system, instead of the sensory, although perhaps not actual discharges of force upon the motor lines, but merely sensations inhibited from execution in movement. Then, again, reflex activities are constantly correlated and combined with the voluntary, as in breathing, winking, walking, swallowing, and in less manifest cases, so that it is impossible to tell where one begins and the other ends. Thus the passage from sensation to motor reaction through ideational states, through intellection, interpretation, association, emotion, desire, interest, attention, and volition, is such a continuum of interconnected phenomena that they seem merely the same function in different moments of its progress. Here we have to conceive a kind of neuro-psychical endosmose and exosmose, in which all activities constitute such a continuous series of mutually involved contents that there seems to be no point at which the transition from one event to the other can be described as abrupt. The metamorphosis is one in which all the media and all the forces constitute a homogeneous continuum for changes which, although they seem distinct functions in the life of different centres of the organism, are nevertheless only different moments of the same activity at different points of application. The apparent distinctions are only abstractions, which serve the convenient purpose of evading the confusion that might be contingent upon the identification of one moment of its progress with another.

If, in connection with these facts, we consider the violence done to old formulas of speculation, which conditioned the integrity of mentalism upon the independent existence of rational activities, and also recognize the present disposition to grant a prior importance to sensation, with its affinities of organic functions and its conditioning relation to knowledge, we shall see very clearly why psychology is threatened by a reaction in favor of materialistic views. This is made

still clearer, when we observe the mysterious imitations of intelligence in the phenomena of hypnotism and somnambulism, where we seem to be thrown upon the resources of neural activities to account for them, because the functions of consciousness cannot be assumed; and when we take into consideration the overwhelming tendency of the scientific mind to reduce a consequent more or less to terms of its antecedent, especially if the connection can be expressed in some mode of motion. Now, it is admitted by both schools that neural phenomena are the conditions of all psychical agency. If, then, consciousness is to be explained by reducing it to some action like that which is supposed to be its condition, it becomes only a modified form of neural functions in a series of events differing only in degree, and materialism is established. Everything depends upon the question whether we shall view the problem as a mechanical or a dynamical one.

It is here that the conception of psychology as "the science of the phenomena of consciousness," substituted for that which makes it "the science of the soul," betrays the consequences which are concealed beneath an apparently harmless exterior. Although it may not prejudice the supposition of an immaterial or spiritual subject to those who are firm in their conviction of its existence, it does imply, when carefully scrutinized, a mental attitude of less certainty about *what* the subject is than about the facts to be explained. It does not require long for such a position to develop into the agnostic one in regard to the *nature* of the subject, although the fact that there must be a subject may be as well certified as the existence of the phenomena. But with the scientist, who is not always consistent enough to adhere strictly to the positivistic conception of the "science," and who can no more evade metaphysical conceptions and entities than his much berated and belabored double, the metaphysician, agnosticism does not long remain an acceptable creed. Having to deal with matter, which, in spite of all attempts to define and consider it as a *phenomenon*, turns up in thought and scientific theories as a *noumenon* (atom, molecule, body, brain, nerves), he finds in this substance a ready receptacle for any and all functions and phenomena. Its constancy and tangibility in the flux of phenomenal changes, its convenience as a standard of reference, the inability to eliminate certain organized forms of it without suppressing consciousness, while the last may be suppressed and the material organism remain,—all these accord with the generally accepted maxim of in-

vestigation which affirms, as the cause and ground of given phenomena, that element which uniformly conditions them, and may survive their transient existence. Matter steps in for its share of consideration here, and, along with manifold corroborative incidents, such as the relation between the quality and quantity of the brain and the amount of intelligence, the localization of mental functions, etc., which seem to obtain accumulative force as investigation progresses, comes to the front with an assurance that frightens all other claimants into submission. The mere habit of assuming matter as the object of reference for phenomena tends to confer upon it a monopoly of explanatory functions, and all other competitors either disappear, from neglect, or are taken up by its remorseless grasp to be mere satellites and dependents of its power. This tendency is immensely reinforced by the necessity of admitting a large sphere for the direct influence of organic functions, which sustains the habit of conceiving a prior importance for the material organism. Having once divested ourselves of the presumptions from dualism, we unexpectedly discover that we are at the mercy of a monism which, in whatever form it appears, seems alike fatal to a satisfactory system of mentalism.

So much for the purely psychological aspects of the question. We turn next to the second and physiological. Here we have to meet with the tendency as it is affected by a still narrower conception of psychology as a "science." It is no longer a question regarding the general problem,—namely, the nature and relations of psychical phenomena as they affect the larger interests of life and thought,—but only a particular part of it, which is predisposed to ignore the wider import of the subject, and to usurp for the physical conditions of mental states the whole function and significance of the science. All the sciences, and more especially that of psychology, have at least three aspects defining their functions—the ætiological, the nomological, and the ethological. The narrower conception which we have intimated is confined to the first of these, the ætiological. This function of the science is to inquire into the causes of phenomena. The two chief problems of knowledge are constituted by the inquiries into *what* things are and *why* they are. The last seeks an explanation, or an adequate reason for their existence, and hence is occupied with their *causes*. It is this which attracts far the greatest interest in speculation, and at present to such an extent as to overshadow all others. The physical sciences seem to be occu-

pied with nothing else, and, taking their preconceptions from the methods and aims of those scientists, psychologists are, many of them, dominated by no other consideration than the origin and causes of mental phenomena. Starting, then, with the view in general that science is exclusively employed in the investigation of causes, psychology is assumed to be concerned solely with the conditions of consciousness, or of all forms of mental experience which are conveniently classified under that term.

In taking this view, we may attempt either to ascertain the nature of the *subject* of such phenomena, or to investigate the physiological conditions and functions which are, at least, the invariable concomitants, or, perhaps, correlates, of conscious activity. These alternatives correspond to the dynamical and the mechanical aspects of causality. But as long as no distinction is drawn between these, and as long as the conception of psychology leaves it an open question in regard to what the subject of consciousness is, these two alternatives may involve identical results; and hence the search for the condition and the origin of mental phenomena may terminate in a conclusion about the nature of their subject. For it is claimed, on the one hand, that the mere fact of consciousness does not guarantee whether it is or is not a mode of molecular motion, or of cerebral function, or the attribute of a spiritual being, and, on the other hand, that the correlation and continuity of physiological with the so-called psychological phenomena are a presumption in favor of their classification with the physical; especially as ætiological considerations assign the priority of existence and causal influence to physical conditions and functions. Now, all tendencies have conspired to emphasize the importance of physiology, and especially neurology, in the problem, and the fruitful labors of such men as Ferrier, Hitzig, Goltz, Exner, Luciani, Donders, Delboeuf, Wundt, Du Bois Reymond, and many others, have given so much encouragement to investigation of this kind that we have, at least for the time, no choice but to await the results of the new impulse. But, having once assumed the physiological aspect, and having once submitted its problem to neurological tests, psychology will not issue from the laboratory without a taint of the materialism from which it has had so much to fear. We even now are beginning to see, in the bold announcements of a few scattered specialists, or enthusiasts for a change of basis, a tendency to make the science a department of physiology; as in the case of a

recent writer who roughly urged "the banishment of psychology into that limbo into which theology has long ago been exiled."

The protest which can be entered against a purely physiological view of the subject, and in favor of a sphere for introspection, comes from the nomological and ethological aspects of it. The former comprises the laws of psychological action and the classification of its phenomena, as they come within the ken of consciousness, and independently of any knowledge about their local origin and conditions. In this we need not estimate their causes, but may rest content with ascertaining what they are as components of a system of events, and so endeavor to comprehend them in some formula representing the uniformity of coëxistence and sequence. Their classification in a rational system, and reduction to some general form of consciousness, with the subordinate laws of association, logical connection, judgment and interpretation, attention, etc., may be conducted without reference to their physiological conditions. This fact, also, has more significance than is usually assigned to it. But we shall not urge it to the full extent of its meaning. It suffices to indicate that psychology has for its object to determine the *laws* of sensation, of memory, of association, of reasoning, of emotional feeling, of attention, of desire, and of volition, as well as their causes. Within this sphere there is place for the *psychological explanation* of experience. We have the support of J. S. Mill in such a view, and he will not be accused of prejudice in favor of the "old psychology."

Then, again, there is the ethological aspect of the science, by which we mean those conceptions of psychological phenomena that have a bearing upon the ethical sciences, and that can be determined neither by physiology nor experiment in the later sense of that term. Of these relations, introspective methods are the sole determinant. And, in addition, there is the vast sphere of investigation that comprises the *meaning, the interpretation, and the validity* of mental phenomena, which concern every sphere of thought and condition, whatever conclusions may be reached by physiology.

Moreover, it can be objected to the purely ætiological conception of the subject, that the physical antecedents and conditions of phenomena do not determine one characteristic of those phenomena as objects of knowledge. They cannot be deduced from the nature of their antecedent physiological conditions. The tendency to suppose so, or to conduct inquiry and discussion with implications to that effect, originates from confusing *efficient* with *material* causes

—that is, *occasional* with *functional* influences,—so that the order of dependence for the existence of mental manifestations as facts, comes to be taken for the nature of those phenomena, considered in respect of their character. By this we mean that the difference between efficient and material causes indicates the difference between the *mechanical* production of a series of events without reference to the subject in which they occur, and the *dynamical* exercise of a function in the subject to make each event *what* it is in distinction from any other. The former determines *that* a thing shall be, and operates *ab extra:* the latter determines *what* it shall be, and operates *ab intra*. In other words, every effect, or phenomenon, must have both its *cause* and its *ground*, or its *causa fiendi* and its *causa essendi*. If, therefore, we can urge the finality and importance of this distinction, and if we can confine all physiological functions and conditions to the sphere of mechanical causes, there will remain the possibility of seeking the subject of consciousness elsewhere,—perhaps in the "unit being" of Lotze, the "monad" of Leibnitz, or the "soul" of Descartes,—as an agent capable of its own activity and having its own peculiar laws. Thus mental phenomena will be the effect of dynamical causes, and physiological functions, although the antecedents and correlates of consciousness, will neither constitute it nor determine what its subject is.

But it is precisely at this point, where the victory to the mentalist seems possible or assured, that the "new psychology" will propose the gravest difficulties. The distinction between mechanical and dynamical causes will not help us, so long as the organism is considered as the *subject* of anything at all, and so long as we adopt the phenomenological definition of psychology, which does not necessarily involve a judgment in regard to the nature of the subject of consciousness. For the suspension of all positive decision in regard to what the ground of consciousness may be, implies, as we have explained, that it is open to consideration; and the admission, which is the unanimous verdict of all parties to the controversy, that the organism is the subject of neural phenomena, creates a presumption in favor of its possibilities in the direction of materialism, which are not excluded by the definition of psychology. In other words, the physicist will ask: "But what if the organism or the brain is the subject of consciousness?" In this he presents an hypothesis to explain the facts. He will admit fully that the chasm between neural and psychical activity, so-called, remains the same and is as great under

materialistic as under spiritistic views. The incommensurability of the two in comparison with each other, or of the one in terms of the other, is like that of thought and extension in the system of Spinoza, although they were modes of the same subject. He will admit that physiological functions, as they are known, have only the relation of a mechanical and foreign cause to psychological phenomena. But he will at the same time maintain that the correlation of the two (like the correlation of weight and color in matter, which are inherent in the same subject, although they are different and mutually exclusive properties) may imply, or be more consistent with, the hypothesis that psychical activities are only a *different* function of the same organism as that of the neural. All the associations of the physical sciences, and the priority of importance assumed for physiological causes, will rush in to reënforce this tendency, and, in spite of all pretensions to ignorance about the nature of things, the organism, from being the constant centre of reference, will come to be regarded as the ground of consciousness.

It is an easy step from the mediating to the creating influence of brain-centres, and when we can explain the *origin* of consciousness by brain-activity, there will be little resistance to the supposition that its *nature* is constituted by it also, no matter whether such a conclusion be legitimate or not. In fact, with this school, the term "psychology" is fast becoming a synonym for the study of brain-functions. Neurology is its point of orientation for all psychical phenomena and their significance. All its energies and investigations are absorbed in the localization of brain activities, the atrophy of certain centres from disuse or disease, the disturbances and lesions that occasion epilepsy, paranoia, aphasia, and insanity in its various forms, from hallucinations to madness. The extirpation of cerebral masses, the artificial stimulation of the nerves, experiments with anæsthetics and narcotics, autopsies upon idiots and the insane, physiological speculations and experiments in hypnotism, experiments upon the rhythmic and periodic correspondences between consciousness and the character of external stimuli and neural processes, the introduction of chemical analogies into the process of vision and the perception of colors,—all these and other methods of experiment applied to the nervous system, along with their invariable influence upon the phenomena of consciousness, exercise a cumulative force upon ordinary minds which is irresistible. Constant familiarity with the analogies of physiology and neural ac-

tivities extinguishes sympathy for all but physical causes, and the apparently unprogressive character of introspective methods, compared with the fruitful and multiplied discoveries of physiological inquiry, presents a state of things which overpowers all interests in favor of the "old psychology." It stands paralyzed in the presence of the confidence bestowed upon empirical and extrospective inquiry. Students are drawing their enthusiasm from the spirit of the new movement, and prudently abstain from speculative controversy where it would only flaunt a red flag in the face of their opponents. Nevertheless, the tendency marches resistlessly to its goal, and insidiously undermines many cherished beliefs of those who innocently harbor its methods and preconceptions. It does not require an avowal of its nature, or a profession of it, for materialism to effect its conquests. It may achieve its victory under any other name whatever, and will leave behind only the evidences of cowardice or hypocrisy on the part of those who had not the courage or the honesty to acknowledge the real nature of the problem.

Nor will any rational mind be deceived by the attempt to evade the tendency to materialism by claiming that we do not know what matter is, as if this had to be decided before any legitimate hypothesis could be entertained in regard to the relation between consciousness and the organism. It is not necessary to decide whether an object is gold, or a sunflower, or an orange, before we can believe that its yellow color is a property of it. The relation between a phenomenon and its subject can be determined without any reference whatever to the category under which that subject shall be placed: so that the pretensions to ignorance about the ultimate nature of matter are only an evasion of the issue, and will deceive nobody but the uneducated. But the present discussion does not undertake to correct existing tendencies. We have no desire to challenge a debate, but only to awaken some consciousness of the movements in the intellectual atmosphere that must be reckoned with in philosophy. There is no use to raise the cry of alarm, or to revive old animosities; for present tendencies will have their course. But it is important for those who wish to meet them, to realize their source, and, more especially, the fact that there is no way to meet them effectively, except by an inside acquaintance with the phenomena and the methods of physiological science.

J. H. Hyslop.

IRISH HOME RULE AND ITS ANALOGIES.

It is the first, but the most neglected, of all rules of discussion, that it is well, in any controversy, for each disputant to be quite sure as to what he means himself, and to be as nearly sure as he can be as to what is meant by the other side. It may be that, if this simple precept had always been followed, a good deal of controversy might have been spared altogether. It is certain that a good deal of controversy might have been carried on in a more rational way that it has been. Yet experience shows that the precept is a hard one. For to obey it involves thought, and clearness of thought; and thinking, specially clear thinking, involves a certain amount of trouble; it it is much easier to respect a formula which has a good sound, and the utterance of which may do instead of thinking. To say nothing of the harder task of finding out what the other side means, to be quite sure what you mean yourself calls for at least an attempt to make your words conform to your thoughts. It may even call for an attempt to make your thoughts conform to facts. And those two processes combined are by many found so hard that, instead of undertaking them, it is a relief to hurl the name of "pedant" at those who do undertake them. A man, for instance, talks big about "Imperial Federation." You ask him what he means by it. You say, perhaps humbly, that the words, when so brought together, give you no meaning. You know what "federation" means; it means a certain form of union of political bodies on equal terms. You know what "imperial" means; it is the adjective of "empire," and "empire" means the dominion of one political body over another. You ask how, then, there can be such a thing as "Imperial Federation"; you ask how what is federal can be imperial, how what is imperial can be federal. The answer you commonly get is to be reproached for "pedantry" in attaching importance to words when you ought to be attending to things. Yet, as long as words are the only way of expressing things, our attention to things must take the shape of an attention to words. The case is a hard one; it is only by the accurate use of words that facts can be expressed, and the accurate use of words is ruled to be "pedantry." It is much easier

to talk about "Imperial Federation" than to tell anybody what "Imperial Federation" is. The words sound so grand and big that it is a pleasure to use them, while it would be dry and pedantic work to try to see whether they have any meaning.

But my present subject is not "Imperial Federation," though it is a subject which has a certain connection with it. I will leave "Imperial Federation" with one remark only. Confusion of language has gone so far that I have known the United States of America described as "a great empire;" sometimes even with amusing definiteness as the "Western Empire." I have seen it so called in print; I have heard it so called in talk; and when I have heard it so called in talk, I have sometimes startled the speaker by asking whether the Federal Constitution had been abolished and Grover Augustus proclaimed Emperor. So I have seen in print, in a writing by one who ought to have known better, the word "imperial" systematically applied to that class of American affairs which are now commonly called "national," but which five-and-twenty years ago were called "federal." In all such cases the words are used simply to sound big, without any thought of their meaning. Now, to speak of the United States as an "empire," and of its affairs as "imperial," is very foolish in point of language; it may lead to further confusions and misapprehensions, but it is not likely directly to mislead anybody. It is a real thing that is spoken of, though it is called by a wrong name. It is otherwise with the talk about "Imperial Federation." People use the formula till they think it must have a meaning; but when you ask what the meaning is, they cannot tell you; only they get angry with you for asking, and thereby bringing to light the nakedness of the land.

My immediate subject, then, is certain aspects of the question of "Home Rule," whether in Ireland or anywhere else. As in the case of "Imperial Federation," as in the case of anything else, the first stage in dealing with such a question is fully to understand what we mean by "Home Rule." Now, to judge by their language, many of those who oppose Home Rule must conceive themselves to be opposing something quite different from what I understand by Home Rule, something quite different from what I conceive that most supporters of Home Rule understand by it. If this is not so, I must say that the arguments of many of the opponents of Home Rule are strangely disingenuous. Nothing is more common with them than to charge Home-Rulers with aiming at what they are pleased to call

the "disintegration of the Empire." Sometimes it becomes, one degree more intelligibly, the "*dismemberment* of the Empire"; but "disintegration," as being the longer and harder word, seems to be the favorite. Now, if a man talks about "disintegration of the Empire" in a meeting of his own side, he is quite certain to get a cheer. But the cheer is given simply because the words sound big and have a general air of meaning something dreadful; not because they carry with them any distinct idea. The word "disintegration," like the word "Mesopotamia," may have about it something of "sweetness," but it assuredly has nothing of "light." We may guess that "the Empire" is a big way of talking of the Queen's dominions; we may guess that "disintegration" is a big word, if not for breaking in pieces, at least for taking away, and that the formula of "disintegration of the Empire," when done into English, means the depriving the Queen of some part of her dominions. Now, as I understand Home Rule, as I believe most Home-Rulers to understand it, no Home-Ruler has made any proposal to deprive the Queen of any part of her dominions. Under Mr. Gladstone's scheme, at any rate, the Queen would have remained as much Queen of Ireland as she is now. Nor do I know of any Home-Ruler who has proposed, under the name of Home Rule, any scheme by which the Queen would cease to be Queen of Ireland. Some schemes of Home Rule might propose the breaking-up of the United Kingdom, though Mr. Gladstone's scheme did not propose even that. Home Rule, therefore, may imply, but need not imply, the "disintegration"—if anybody likes the big word—of the United Kingdom. But when people talk about "the Empire," we generally understand something more than the United Kingdom—namely, the whole of the Queen's dominions. Those dominions no scheme of Home Rule proposes to dismember or to cut short in any way. To speak, therefore, of Home-Rulers as seeking "the disintegration of the Empire" implies one of two things. He who uses the words is either, wittingly or unwittingly, bringing a false charge, or else he is simply using big words because he fancies they sound fine, without stopping to think whether they have any meaning or not.

Now, the question what Home Rule is, is quite distinct from two other questions with which it often gets confounded. It is quite distinct from the question what Home Rule is likely to lead to, in the long run. It is quite distinct from the question whether some people who propose to be aiming at Home Rule may not really be

aiming at something else. It is perfectly possible that some of those who seek for Home Rule may seek for it because they think that it is, in the end, likely to lead to complete separation. It is, moreover, perfectly possible that Home Rule may, in this or that case, really have a tendency to lead to complete separation. This last proposition has nothing to do with the nature of Home Rule in itself; it has a great deal to do with the question whether Home Rule should be set up in any particular time or place. By separation we understand the complete parting asunder of two political bodies, so that they become altogether independent states; as when the United States were separated from Great Britain, when Belgium was separated from the Netherlands, when the Kingdom of Greece was separated from the dominions of the Turk. Now, Home Rule is in idea quite distinctive from separation in this sense, and experience shows that it does not necessarily lead to separation. But it is perfectly possible that it may lead to it in some cases; it is perfectly possible that Ireland is a case in which it is likely to lead to it. If, therefore, a man believes that complete separation between Great Britain and Ireland would necessarily be a bad thing, and if he further believes that the grant of Home Rule to Ireland would necessarily lead to such separation, then he does perfectly right to oppose Home Rule on that ground. But he can oppose Home Rule on that ground—that is, he can tell us his reasons for thinking that separation must be bad and for thinking that Home Rule must lead to separation—without misrepresenting the nature of Home Rule, without talking nonsense about the "disintegration of the Empire." The state to which I, at least, wish to bring the question is this. Let us first settle what we mean by Home Rule, specially by Home Rule for Ireland. This is all that I propose to attempt in the present article. When we have settled this point, we shall be better able to discuss the further question, Is Home Rule, in the particular case of Ireland, likely to be a good thing or a bad?

As to the possible motives of certain people, that is a thing which we really cannot go into at either stage. We can judge whether what men say and do is good or bad, wise or foolish; what motive leads them to say or do it is really their own affair. But one may safely say this: if a man seeks for Home Rule in the hope that it will lead to separation, and at the same time says openly that he does not wish for separation, he is clearly acting dishonestly. But there is no dishonesty in seeking an immediate object in the

hope that it may lead to some further object; nor is it always necessary to avow that further object. All that is needed is that he who seeks the immediate object should honestly believe that that immediate object is in itself a good one, even though chiefly valuable as leading to something better. Otherwise he brings himself under the condemnation of those who do evil that good may come. But it proves nothing against those who are seeking a thing from one motive, that some other people may possibly be seeking the same thing from some other motive. Nor does it prove anything against the object itself that some people who are seeking it may have spoken or acted in a way which some others who are seeking it may disapprove or even abhor. No political party—if all who seek the same political object are necessarily to be classed as forming one political party—ever was perfectly pure; all have had some unworthy members; all have been disgraced by some unworthy deeds and sayings. And it is hard, indeed, to carry on a popular movement against the existing law without committing some breach of the existing law.

But we have not yet defined Home Rule. Yet it is not hard to define it. It is the relation of a dependency managing its internal affairs for itself. I have been, before now, mocked at for saying this; but it is none the less true. Home Rule implies dependence. On the face of it, it implies a connection with some other political body, and a measure of connection distinct from complete incorporation. And it implies further that that connection shall take the shape of dependence. We see this by common forms of speech. We never speak of Home Rule in cases where the political body is absolutely independent of every other. No one would say that the United States of America, or the Republic of France, or the Kingdom of Italy, was in possession of Home Rule. No one would say that Great Britain, as opposed to Ireland, was in possession of Home Rule. For all these have something much more than Home Rule—namely, complete independence. No one conceives the possibility of any other Powers having any measure of control over any of them. We use the name Home Rule only when we both conceive the possibility and acknowledge the fact that some other Power has a certain measure of control. Home Rule, on the face of it, means that the home affairs of the political body spoken of are managed at home, and not by some other Power outside. But the very form of words implies the possibility, the likelihood, that even their home affairs might be managed by some such outside Power. It does not deny—it rather

implies—that some other kind of affairs, which are not home affairs, actually are managed for them by some outside Power. In the case of the great Powers just mentioned, there is no outside Power that can be even conceived as managing anything for them; there is no need of saying that they have Home Rule—that is, that they manage their own affairs for themselves—because we do not conceive even the possibility of their having any of their affairs managed for them by any other people. The name Home Rule is, therefore, out of place where there is complete independence. But when we say that Canada or the Isle of Man possesses Home Rule in respect of Great Britain, when we say that Finland possesses Home Rule in respect of Russia, we imply that, while those political bodies manage their home affairs for themselves, there are other affairs which are managed for them by others. If we say that Ireland asks for Home Rule as regards Great Britain, or that Transylvania asks for Home Rule as regards Hungary, we imply an existing connection between the greater country and the smaller; we imply that the smaller country wishes the terms of that connection to be altered to its advantage; but we further imply that it does not wish the connection to be severed altogether. If we mean this last, we do not speak of Home Rule, but use other words. It would be perfectly true to say that Servia won for itself a large measure of Home Rule early in this century. As long as it acknowledged any superiority in the Turk, its condition was that of Home Rule and nothing higher; the Treaty of Berlin gave Servia the higher position; it changed Servian Home Rule into Servian independence. On the other hand, the Treaty of Berlin gave a certain measure of Home Rule to southeastern Bulgaria—what the diplomatists call Eastern Rumelia—and a larger measure to Bulgaria north of Balkan. Those lands, now united, are seeking to follow the example of Servia, and to change their Home Rule into complete independence. On the other hand, two states have within the present century been united with the Russian Empire on terms which we must certainly call terms of Home Rule. These are the grand duchy of Finland and the modern kingdom of Poland. In Finland a relation of Home Rule remains to this day, while the Home Rule of Poland was suppressed after the revolt of 1831. And when we get on further in our argument, we shall find that some most instructive lessons on the subject of Home Rule may be drawn from the lands which are now under the rule of the common sovereign of Hungary and Austria.

All the states which we have been speaking of as examples of Home Rule are, or have been, dependencies of some greater Power. But all have, or had, some measure of control over their own affairs. The constitutions of the several states differ widely; the amount of Home Rule enjoyed in each case differs widely. Servia and Rumania had, as Bulgaria still has, princes of their own under the overlordship of the Sultan; in the dependencies of Russia the Tsar himself was and is the immediate prince, though in another character from that of Tsar. Still, with all their differences, all come under a single class —that of dependencies with institutions distinct from those of the dominant Power, and largely managing their internal affairs. But we need not seek for our examples among men of other tongues than our own. The present and former dependencies of the Crown of England have had large experience of Home Rule at many times and in many shapes. To begin with the greatest case of all, the thirteen English colonies in North America enjoyed a large measure of Home Rule while they were still dependencies of the British Crown. The events which made them the United States changed their Home Rule into complete independence. Ireland itself, before 1782, may be said to have had a slight measure of Home Rule, which the events of 1782 changed into a special relation, neither Home Rule nor complete separation, of which we shall have to speak presently. Every colony of England which, whether by older or newer grant, has the right of managing its own internal affairs, stands to the mother country in the relation of Home Rule, and in no relation higher or lower. The institutions and legislatures of the Canadian and Australian colonies do, in purely internal matters, act all but as freely as the Ministry and Legislature of the United Kingdom. That is, they enjoy Home Rule in a very full measure. But they are still dependencies. The Government of Great Britain daily acts, in what it is the fashion to call "Imperial" affairs, in a way which does or may touch their interests, but without consulting their wishes. Nay, more, what is often forgotten, the Parliament of the United Kingdom can at any moment override the acts of the colonial legislatures, and may legislate for Canada and Australia by its own authority. The power is not likely to be exercised, but it should none the less be borne in mind that it has never been given up. It is a sleeping lion, but it may conceivably be awakened. And nearer to the ruling land, between Great Britain and the continent of Europe, between Great Britain and Ireland itself, are smaller islands

in which Home Rule is not a thing of to-day or yesterday, but the unbroken heritage of ages. There is the ancient kingdom of Man, shorn, to be sure, of its kingly title, but not incorporated in the kingdom which is held to take in both the greater islands on either side of it. That island, lying at nearly the same distance from England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, still stands apart from all of these,—part, indeed, of the dominions of the Queen of the United Kingdom, but not represented in its Parliament; still keeping its own ancient legislature and its own ancient laws. That island might seem to have been set where it is with the express object of giving the disputants for and against Home Rule the opportunity of studying Home Rule in the strictest sense, in a land which not only forms part of the dominions of their sovereign, but lies in the very midst of lands in another political state. Go also a little further; hard by the mainland of Europe lie other islands, other dominions of the Island Queen, where for ages past no condition but that of Home Rule has been dreamed of. The Norman Islands, Jersey, Guernsey, and their smaller fellows, that part of the Norman duchy which clave to its own dukes, that part whose people remained Normans and did not stoop to become Frenchmen, those islands which England never conquered, but whose sons once had a hand in conquering England,—they still abide, possessions of the English Crown, unrepresented in the British Parliament, still keeping their old Assembly, their old laws, their old tongue, anxious only to stay as they find themselves, knowing well how much they would lose, and how little they would gain, if they were to change their immemorial state for that either of an English shire or of a French department. These islands, the Scandinavian kingdom, and the Norman duchy, are examples of Home Rule on a small scale and near to the British shores, just as Canada and Australia are examples on a large scale and at a vast distance from the kingdom which claims their allegiance. But in all, far and near, great and small, the political relation is that of Home Rule in the very strictest sense. Canada and Australia, the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, are all dependencies. None of them, the great as little as the small, has any standing-ground in the face of other nations; all have their relations of war and peace settled for them by men in whose appointment they have no voice, and over whose actions they have no control. But all of them, the small no less than the great, have the management of their internal affairs; they have their own laws and assemblies; and

though no English lawyer, at least, doubts that the British Parliament can at any moment legislate for any of them,* they must at least be legislated for separately and deliberately; they cannot find themselves suddenly bound by some general act which in no way suits them. They would assuredly not gain by exchanging their separate, if subordinate, legislatures for the right of sending one or two representatives to the British Parliament.

All these, then, are essentially examples of Home Rule as above defined; they are examples of the dependent state—the state which manages its own internal affairs, but has its relations to the world in general fixed for it by another power. There are a good many of them all over the world; specially there are a good many of them within the dominions of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland is emphatically a Home-Rule sovereign. Setting aside her immediate Kingdom in Europe, whose free constitution takes another shape; setting aside her barbaric, "Empire" in Asia, which has no free constitution at all; setting aside a mere military post here and there—everywhere else in the rest of her vast dominions in Europe, in America, in Africa, in the continents and islands of the Southern Ocean, Home Rule is the received political state. Here it is held by a small community, here by a great one; here it is held by immemorial right, here by a wise concession of our own day; but everywhere, great and small, old and new, Home Rule is the accepted constitution. The colonies and other dependencies of the British Crown are, with the exceptions above given, free in their internal management, dependent in their relations towards other Powers. So Man and Guernsey have ever been; so Canada and New Zealand have become within our own memories. Home Rule is, in fact, the common state of the Queen's dominions, wherever there is no special reason for some other state. Such a reason is found in the dominant land of Great Britain; it is found in the subject land of India. Elsewhere free dependence is the rule. And yet we are told that, if this familiar state of things should be extended

*I put it in this form because one would really like to know why and on what grounds the English Parliament first claimed to legislate for the Norman Islands. Such a claim is perfectly intelligible in the case of a *province*, whether a colony or a conquered country. But the Norman Islands were neither a colony of England nor a land conquered by England; they were a land held by the King of England, but not in his character of King of England. Except the very important reason that England was great and Jersey small, there seems no reason why the Parliament of England should legislate for Jersey any more than why the state of Jersey should legislate for England.

to one land more, if a part of the so-called United Kingdom wishes to exchange its position as a formal member of the dominant community for the position of a free dependency of the dominant community, then all kinds of horrible things are to happen. The "Empire," whatever the "Empire" is,* is not "disintegrated" or "dismembered" or anything of the kind, by the fact that some parts of it have always had Home Rule, or by the fact that some other parts have received it more lately. Man may keep Home Rule; New Zealand may receive it; but say a word about extending the same political condition to Ireland, and we are at once overwhelmed with floods of that kind of rhetoric of which the use of words like "empire" and "disintegration" is the main feature.

As yet we are only working out our definition of Home Rule; as yet we need take heed only of such objections as in some way touch that definition. We are told, for instance, that analogies drawn from the Isle of Man or from the Australian colonies do not apply. Man is too small to prove anything; Australia is too far off. This kind of argument may be reasonable, at least in form, in a later stage of the discussion; but we have not as yet reached that stage. Our present stage is to show that Home Rule is essentially the same political condition in Man, in Australia, and in Ireland; the question how far we can make any practical inference from one to the other may come some other time. We are not as yet debating whether Home Rule is likely to work well or ill in Ireland; we are only trying to show what Home Rule is, that it is nothing monstrous, nothing new, but something with which large parts of the Queen's dominions have long been familiar. At this stage we are met by a denial of our main position; we are told that the Home Rule sought for in Ireland is something quite different from any which exists in any of the British colonies or other dependencies. I was, myself, not very long ago, in a very respectable quarter, charged

* I avoid the use of this fashionable name for the Queen's dominions, because it has no legal meaning and is vague and misleading. There is an "Empire" of India, legally so called, and "the Empire" would naturally mean India, just as "the Principality" means Wales, or "the Duchy" means Leicester, or "the Bishopric" used to mean Durham. But the word "Empire" has no other legal meaning, and it leads to confusion when we hear of the "Empire" as if it were a defined thing, with as clear a meaning as "parish," "shire," or "kingdom." It is a rhetorical flourish which has got to be used as a *quasi* legal form, though without any legal meaning. In one sense only is it accurate. The United Kingdom is an "imperial" state—a state exercising "imperium," or dominion, over the colonies and other dependencies. But this does not seem to be what is meant in the popular use of the word.

with gross ignorance for defining Home Rule as the relation of a dependency, because every Irish "Nationalist" scorns the very thought of dependence. Now, if by "Nationalists" are meant men who openly seek, not Home Rule, but complete separation, of them this would doubtless be true. But the present controversy is not about separation, but about Home Rule; of the distinction between the two lines of discussion I have already spoken. We have just now nothing to do either with hidden purposes or with more remote purposes; we have only to deal with the fact that Irish Home-Rulers, as a body, have accepted a proposal of which the dependence of Ireland is the very essence.

I refer to the measure of Home Rule which Mr. Gladstone brought into the House of Commons, but which he did not succeed in carrying. There is no need to discuss its details; the point with which we are concerned is that Mr. Gladstone's bill, at every stage and on every subject, asserted the dependence of Ireland in the strongest way. It proposed, in truth, to bring down an integral part of the ruling body, an integral part of the United Kingdom, to the level of one of its own dependencies. That was its formal shape: its practical object was very different; under the form of making Ireland a dependency of Great Britain, it proposed to give Ireland a far larger share of practical independence than it has at present. At present Ireland is, in theory, an integral part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Every political right which belongs to the people of Great Britain belongs, in theory, in equal measure to the people of Ireland. It is the common government of both islands, the common Parliament of both islands, that is to say, in truth, the people of both islands as a single whole, on whom the other dominions of the Queen throughout the world are dependent. Such is the theory. In practice, Ireland is far more thoroughly dependent on Great Britain than any colony which has a free constitution. The British Parliament, in which Canada is not represented, can at any moment legislate for Canada. But the exercise of the right is all but unheard of; as a matter of fact, Canada legislates for itself through its own elected legislatures. Ireland, being represented in the British Parliament, has no other legislature. The British Parliament alone legislates for Ireland, and it commonly legislates in opposition to the will of Ireland. That is to say, in all internal matters Canada has real independence under the guise of dependence; Ireland is really subject under the guise of equal union. This

is what is sure to happen whenever a greater and a lesser people, widely differing in interests and feelings, are artificially treated as if they were one people. The smaller people will always be outvoted; they are, therefore, worse off, they have smaller means of carrying their wishes into effect, than if they had a legislature of their own, however dependent. The vote of an Irish Parliament, even though the British Parliament could override that vote, would practically count for far more than the votes of those members of the British Parliament who represent Irish constituencies. In fact, experience shows that, in cases of such unequal union, the grant of free institutions at all is to the smaller nation a very doubtful gain. The smaller nation has really more chance of getting justice from a despot who is not utterly perverse than it has from a Parliament in which it is sure to be outvoted. A greater and a smaller community, having widely different feelings and interests, may live together successfully either under the tie of federation or under the tie of dependence. But the attempt to merge the two elements in a common whole means the practical subjection of the smaller. It has an air of promotion for the smaller; it is, indeed, in a certain sense, promotion for each individual in the smaller body; but it is practical subjection for the smaller body as a whole.

Ireland, then, is formally part of one whole with Great Britain, the whole called nominally the United Kingdom. It is united on equal terms. That is to say, the voice of each Irish representative, of each Irish elector, goes for as much as the voice of an English, Scottish, or Welsh elector or representative. Practically, Ireland, as a whole, is dependent on Great Britain,—far more dependent than Canada or Australia is. Canada and Australia can practically carry for themselves any measures that they wish for. Ireland cannot carry anything for itself; it can do nothing unless some party in Great Britain is ready to take up the Irish cause. That Ireland is practically dependent on Great Britain, or, rather, subject to Great Britain, that it is practically contented to be so subject, is shown by the commonest forms of daily speech. I have, over and over again, in writing of this matter, pointed out the way in which people in England habitually use such phrases as "*we* must govern Ireland," "*we* must do so and so for Ireland;" I have even seen Ireland spoken of as "a land which, if *we* have not governed, *we* have at least owned" for so many hundred years. This last is the exact notion of the Roman province,—the land not only politically subject to the ruling

people, but held by them as their property, as an estate by its landlord. On the other hand, nobody says "*we* must govern" England or Scotland or Wales, or any part of those lands; no one says "*we* must govern" London or Yorkshire. And those who say "*we* must govern Ireland" would be a little amazed, if anybody in Ireland said back again "we must govern England" in such and such a way. This way of speaking is utterly contrary to the theory of the union between Great Britain and Ireland, according to which all parts of the United Kingdom have equal rights, according to which no one part can be said to "govern" any other part. But the facts are unlike the theory, and common speech adapts itself to the facts, and not to the theory. It may be doubted whether those who say "we must govern Ireland" would say "we must govern Canada;" for they feel that, as a matter of fact, "we"—that is, the people of Great Britain—do not govern Canada, while, as a matter of fact, "we" do govern, or at least try to govern, Ireland. That is to say, Canada, under the guise of dependence, is (in its internal affairs) practically independent; Ireland, under the guise of equal union with Great Britain, is, in fact, a dependency of Great Britain.

This same fact of the dependent position of Ireland comes out in other ways as well as in popular forms of speech. It is an integral part of the United Kingdom, and yet, in one most important point, it is treated as a dependent province. It has the badge of the dependent, the provincial, relation—the existence of a governor.* All governors, satraps, proconsuls, portes, and viceroys, are signs that the land which they are sent to administer is a dependent land. Each of them shows that the master which he represents has two lands to rule, that he cannot rule both in person, and that he therefore rules the least-esteemed by deputy. When the common King of Spain and Sicily ruled, himself, in Spain and sent a viceroy to rule in Sicily, it showed that Sicily was practically a dependency of Spain. So, as long as it is not found needful to send a Lord-Lieutenant into any part of Great Britain,† while it is found needful to send a Lord-

* The American use of the word *governor* is different, but the way in which that use came about illustrates the position. The English colonies in America, "provinces" as they were often called, had governors, because they were dependencies. When they became independent, the governor changed from the representative of a distant sovereign into the elective magistrate chosen by the people. That he kept the old name shows the strongly conservative character of the American Revolution; we may doubt whether an absolutely new commonwealth would have thought of a title so strongly savoring of monarchy.

† The American reader must remember that the Lords-Lieutenant of counties in Great

Lieutenant into Ireland, this fact proclaims at once that Ireland is not really united with Great Britain on the same terms on which the different parts of Great Britain are united with one another. It proclaims that the United Kingdom is but a name, that the supposed equal union exists on paper only, that Ireland is, in truth, a separate, a dependent, land, which needs, while the different parts of Great Britain do not need, the separate administration of a dependency.

Now, what Mr. Gladstone's bill proposed to do was to acknowledge this fact of the dependent relation of Ireland, and, at the same time, to give Ireland, under the form of dependence, much the same practical independence as is enjoyed by Canada. The relation was not to be exactly the same, for Canada is no part of the United Kingdom, while Ireland, under Mr. Gladstone's bill, while unrepresented in the British Parliament and having, for special Irish purposes, a separate Parliament, was still to remain a part of the United Kingdom. The relation thus proposed was a somewhat singular and complicated one; but, at least, it proved one thing. Mr. Gladstone was so far from proposing the "disintegration of the Empire," that he did not propose even the "disintegration," if that is to be the word, of the United Kingdom. Ireland was not only to remain part of the Queen's dominions; it was to remain part of the kingdom from which she takes her royal title. At the same time, Ireland was throughout the bill distinctly treated as a dependency; it was even made tributary,—a relation which may accompany dependence, but which is not implied in it.* On the other hand, the dependent land got what it wanted,—the power of practically independent action in its own home affairs.

That the state of things here proposed does not seem hateful to strong supporters of the Irish cause is plain from the support which the Irish party gave to Mr. Gladstone's bill. How far any of them accepted his scheme of Home Rule as a half-way house on the way to separation, I know not; I cannot look into men's minds. And I

Britain have nothing but the name in common with the Irish Viceroy. They are officers for certain defined purposes, not representatives of the Sovereign in general. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is such a representative; if his penal power has been cut short, that makes no difference; it is only as the penal power of the Sovereign has been cut short also.

* The tributary relation may be either just or unjust. It is unjust to make Bulgaria pay tribute to the Turk, as money paid to the Turk will either be spent on his private pleasures or—what under the present Grand Turk is more likely—spent to strengthen his power of oppression over the nation still left under the yoke. But there is nothing unjust in the small payment which Andorra, the small commonwealth, pays to France, the great one, as an acknowledgment of French protection.

remember well a most instructive letter of Mr. T. P. O'Connor in the *Times*, two or three years back, which set forth the wishes of Ireland on the whole matter more clearly than I ever saw them set forth elsewhere. According to Mr. O'Connor, the wish of Ireland was to be as Canada. That Canada is a dependency no one can deny. And this dependency, which has no voice, direct or indirect, in any but its own internal affairs, and for which the Parliament of the United Kingdom may at any moment legislate, was chosen by Mr. O'Connor as the model which Ireland would be glad to follow. For Canada has the one thing which Ireland has not, and for which Ireland wishes: the independent management of its home affairs. For this, Ireland, according to Mr. O'Connor, would gladly exchange the seemingly higher position of being part of the dominant community, the United Kingdom. The Irish, he said, care nothing about what are called "Imperial affairs;" they are content to let the government and Parliament of Great Britain do as they may think good in the affairs of New Zealand and South Africa, in the affairs of Burmah and Afghanistan. The one thing that they want, is to do as they may think good, themselves, in the internal affairs of Ireland. They have no wish, he says, for representation in the British Parliament; what they wish for is a Parliament of their own. That Canada has and they have not. They would, therefore, be as Canada; they would be content to be dependent upon Great Britain in the general affairs of the world, provided they are independent in those affairs which touch Ireland only.

I cleave, then, to my definition of Home Rule as the relation of a dependency managing its own internal affairs, and I have not found that definition disapproved by either English or Irish Home-Rulers. Having thus seen what Home Rule is, it may be well to go on to see what it is not; the more so as a good many false analogies are afloat.

The relation of Home Rule, then, means something quite distinct from a Federal Union. It is clear that this is not always understood. It has often been explained in favor of Home Rule that it, or something like it, works well in the United States and in other Federal systems. The relation of the State to the Union seems to be mistaken for a relation of Home Rule. And, of course, it has thus much of likeness to Home Rule, that the State manages some classes of affairs for itself, while other classes of affairs in which the State is also interested are managed by another power. Canada may at any moment find itself bound by a declaration of war

or a treaty of peace of which it altogether disapproves and about which its opinion has not been asked. So may any State of the Union. But there is an all-important difference between the two cases. Canada is a dependency ; the State is not. The powers which manage those affairs in which Canada has an interest, but in which it has no voice, are powers altogether external to Canada,—powers which Canada has no voice in choosing, and over whose action it has no control. The powers which manage the affairs in which the State has an interest, but in which it has (as a State) no voice, are powers in the choice of which the State, by its Legislature or by the votes of its citizens, has a voice, and over whose actions it has some measure of, at least, indirect control. The powers which manage the external affairs of the whole British dominions are the Government and Parliament of the United Kingdom, bodies altogether external to every part of the British dominions except the United Kingdom. The powers which manage the external affairs of the United States are the President, Senate, and House of Representatives of the United States,—powers which cannot be called external to any State or any citizen of the Union. The powers which have been given to Canada, the powers which it was proposed to give to Ireland, were a grant from the Queen and Parliament of the United Kingdom, and a grant which, in theory at least, may be recalled. The like powers in the hands of a State of the Union are not a grant from any one ; they are that part of the powers of an independent commonwealth which the State kept to itself and did not give up to the Union.* They cannot be recalled by any power, though they may be modified—increased or lessened—by a constitutional amendment, in making which the State itself has a voice. In other words, the powers held by a dependent community, however large, are held only by grant and on sufferance ; the powers held by the State in a Federal union, be they great or small, are held by inherent right. These distinctions must be obvious to every one in the United States ; they are by no means obvious to every one in England. Very many people in England have most confused ideas as to the nature of a Federal Union, and how utterly

* I am here speaking only of the relation of Canada (or any other dependent colony) to Great Britain ; but it would be easy to show that the so-called Federation of Canada is no such federation. Its members are not States, but only big municipalities. For they have only such powers as are formally granted to them ; all powers not so granted are kept by the central body. That is, the "reserved rights" are in the Union, not in the States. In other words, the States are not States at all, and the Federation is no true federation.

distinct it is from Home Rule. Both are so unlike anything to which they are used in their own island that they need to be shown that there is no analogy between the relation of communities which manage their own affairs, but which have no voice in choosing the power which is dominant over them in certain other affairs, and the relation of communities which not only manage their own affairs, but which also have a voice in choosing powers which are not dominant over them, but to which is intrusted the charge of certain other kinds of affairs. The former case is that of Home Rule; the latter is that of Federation; and a good deal of confusion of thought has come from not distinguishing between the two. One federal system may illustrate another, and one case of Home Rule may illustrate another; but, except in that very general way in which almost anything may happen to illustrate almost anything else, nothing can be proved for or against any political relation by illustrations which are drawn from a political relation which is quite unlike it.

Another class of false analogies is often drawn from another kind of relation which is also quite distinct from Home Rule, but which is also confounded with it. This is the case of two kingdoms or other states united under a common king, but each of them keeping its own laws and constitution and its separate administration. Such is the relation between Hungary and Austria, and between Sweden and Norway, at the present time; such, in form at least, was the relation between Great Britain and Ireland between the years 1782 and 1800. Now, there is a great temptation to confound this relation with Home Rule, because it has a tendency to become in practice a kind of Home Rule. It would hardly be untrue to say that, as the relation of Ireland to Great Britain since the year 1800 has been subjection under the form of complete union, so the relation of Ireland to Great Britain from 1782 to 1800 was Home Rule under the form of independence. Where two states are joined in this way, with a sovereign in common, but with nothing else in common, the smaller, however equal in form, can hardly fail to become practically a dependency of the greater. When the King of Spain was also King of the Two Sicilies, King of Sardinia, and Duke of Milan, his smaller states, as has been already pointed out, practically became dependencies of the greater.* The King of Spain ruled in what he took to

* One might, indeed, carry this illustration further, into the relations of the other Spanish kingdoms to Castile. Still, Spain may be looked on as forming a whole in opposition to the other dominions of the Spanish King.

be the interests of Spain, not in the interests of Sicily or Milan. A Spanish viceroy was sent to Palermo; no Sicilian viceroy was ever sent to Madrid. And in such a union of constitutional kingdoms the difficulty is not less, but greater. A constitutional King of Great Britain, who is also constitutional King of Ireland as a separate kingdom, ought in theory to rule according to the wishes of the Ministry and Parliaments of both his kingdoms. And so he might rule in each in matters which touched that kingdom only. But in affairs which touch both kingdoms, the interests and wishes of the two might easily be different. In this case, it is quite certain that the common King would act according to the interests and wishes of the greater kingdom. That is, the lesser kingdom would be treated as a dependency. In fact, from 1782 to 1800 Ireland was a practical, though not an acknowledged, dependency of Great Britain; it was treated as such; it had the badge of dependence in the presence of a Lord-Lieutenant. And we might even say that from 1603 to 1707 Scotland was a practical, though not an acknowledged, dependency of England,* and we might raise some curious questions as to its practical relations between 1707 and 1832. In this kind of union, be the king despotic or constitutional, he must think more of his greater than of his smaller kingdom. And from this it follows that the king of two formally independent kingdoms cannot be so strictly a constitutional king as the king of one only. He who has to receive advice, possibly conflicting advice, from two sets of ministers, cannot fail to have some measure of choice between them.

The supposed analogy of which we heard most in this matter of Home Rule for Ireland is the relation which, since the year 1867, has existed between the Kingdom of Hungary and the so-called "Empire" of Austria. Now, it so happens that at this moment no part of

* We must except, of course, the years in the middle of the century, when Scotland first appeared as a separate kingdom, trying at one time to force its King on an English commonwealth, and then as a conquered land incorporated with the English commonwealth. But from 1603 to 1638, and still more from 1660 to 1707, Scotland was something very like a practical dependency of England. It was so, though it was so wholly distinct from England that the two kingdoms might at any time have been separated, as Great Britain and Hanover afterwards were, by a King succeeding to one who was not the heir to the other. In such cases it makes a great contingent difference whether the two kingdoms are united, like Sweden and Norway, by some agreement which binds them always to have a common King, or whether, like England and Scotland in the seventeenth century, they are liable to be separated by the accidents of hereditary succession. But this is not a difference of very great moment while the union lasts. The smaller state has at least always to look out lest it be practically brought to a state of dependency. If so, its state may be practically one of Home Rule.

the world is so rich in real analogies bearing on the subject of Home Rule as the dominions of this common sovereign of Hungary and Austria. But those analogies are not to be found in the relations between Hungary and Austria. Certain of the facts of the case, and, still more, certain confusions of language, help to mislead men's minds on this matter. Ask any man who speaks of the relation of Hungary and Austria as a relation of Home Rule, which of those two lands has the Home Rule, which answers to Ireland and which to Great Britain, he will certainly say that it is Hungary that answers to Ireland. This is partly because the independence of Hungary is a recovered independence, partly because, in our lax way of speaking, we often use the word "Austria" so as to take in Hungary, while we never use the name "Hungary" so as to take in Austria. Now, whatever may be done in popular use, whatever may have been done even in official use at any time before 1804 and 1867, in present official use the words "Empire of Austria," whatever they mean, do not take in the Kingdom of Hungary and its dependencies—in formal phrase, its *partes annexæ*. The formal style to take in the two is the "Austro-Hungarian Monarchy." The "Empire of Austria" is, in fact, capable only of a negative definition; it takes in such parts of the dominions of the common sovereign of Hungary and Austria as he holds by some other title than that of King of the ancient kingdom of Hungary.* Now, twenty-five years back, that ancient kingdom was not in the enjoyment of independence; it was not even in the enjoyment of Home Rule; it was held down as a conquered land under an unlawful tyranny. But, if it then had much less than Home Rule, it now has much more. It is now an independent kingdom, united under a common sovereign with Austria, but no more a dependency of Austria than Austria is a dependency of Hungary, and, in truth, enjoying—one part of its inhabitants at least—much more internal freedom than Austria. The relations between the two states might be called federal, only one somehow fancies that a federation, like a college, should have at least three members. Each state has, for its internal affairs, its own Ministry and Parlia-

* I once said that, after the analogy of the old Frankish and the old Lombard *Austria*, each with its companion *Neustria* (=*Not-Austria*), the present "Empire of Austria" would best be distinguished as *Nungary*. *Austria*, *Oesterreich*, *Eastria*—we used in English to call it *Ostrich*—is, I need hardly say, simply the *east part* of anything; in this case the east part of Germany. Still, it is very odd that Galicia and Dalmatia, seized on by Austrian princes under claims arising out of their character as kings of Hungary, were both added, not to Hungary, but to *Nungary*.

ment, while affairs common to the two states are seen to by the Delegations, a representative body containing members from each. The system must be a delicate one to work; but it does seem to work well in the two chief members, Hungary and Austria, themselves. But this union of two equal and independent states has nothing to do with Home Rule. We should see this at once, if any one should say that Austria enjoyed Home Rule as against Hungary. The confusion comes from the notion that Hungary is in some way inferior to Austria and that its rights are a grant from Austria. And it is further strengthened by the fact that this last notion is what we may call physically true. The present King of Hungary, partly by Russian help, destroyed the liberties of the kingdom of Hungary and reigned without lawful right till he became lawful King of Hungary in 1867. The liberties of Hungary, therefore, are restored liberties; they are in some sort a grant from a ruler of Austria. But that restoration, that grant, was simply the undoing of a wrong, the substitution of law for unlaw. One who was before a mere tyrant, ruling against law, became, by conforming to law, a lawful king. Hungary and Austria have come back to their lawful position as two equal states.* There is, therefore, as against one another, no question of Home Rule in either of those states.

But the question of Home Rule in the dominion of the common sovereign of those two lands comes in by another path. It was not wholly by Russian help that the present King of Hungary obtained his unlawful possession of that kingdom in 1849. It was partly by the zealous help of certain classes of men within the kingdom of Hungary and its *partes annexæ*. Hungary had its dependencies, its subject races, and the laws of the kingdom, very favorable to the dominant people, were so unfavorable to the nation that they thought the unlaw of Austrian rule better than the law of the Hungarian kingdom. Whether their course was wise may be judged of by events. But the fact is clear that both Hungary and Austria were conquered for their present sovereign by the help, not only of Russia, but of the dependent lands and races of the Hungarian kingdom, by the help of the Slavonic and Ruman people of that king-

* This is yielding a good deal to Austria. One might ask whether a duchy but lately escaped from vassalage is entitled to take precedence of an ancient and independent kingdom, merely because it chooses to call itself (or something else) an "empire." That is, should not the form be "Ungarn-Oesterreich" rather than "Oesterreich-Ungarn"? Maria Theresa, till her husband was elected Fmperor, was always called "Queen of Hungary" as her highest title.

dom and of its *partes annexæ*. It is in these *partes annexæ*, in the principality of Transylvania and the kingdom of Croatia, that the Home-Rule question really comes in. Transylvania has lost its ancient Home Rule altogether. Croatia keeps some measure of Home Rule, and what it keeps is threatened. The national struggle in Croatia is to keep what it has got; perhaps to add a little more. On the singular fact that the liberties of the nation which restored the present sovereign are threatened by the nation which drove him out, and which he conquered by their help, there is no need to enlarge now; it does not touch the question of Home Rule.

Bohemia, on the other hand, which counts as a part, not of the Hungarian, but the Austrian state, is asking for something more than Home Rule. It asks to be put towards Hungary and Austria in the same relation in which Hungary and Austria stand to one another. The ancient kingdom, whether we are just now to call it a dependency or a constrained member of a whole with which it has no fellow-feeling, demands its ancient rights. It asks for no separation from Hungary and Austria; it asks that the common ruler of Hungary, Bohemia, and Austria shall do by Bohemia as he has done by Hungary—that he shall make himself lawful king of Bohemia by a lawful coronation, and shall rule the land as a separate kingdom, according to its own laws. The three separate states, under a common sovereign, each independent in its separate affairs, but all united by the common Delegations for common affairs, would form a perfect federal monarchy. That Bohemians and Croatians are misrepresented and called names for seeking their rights is a matter of course; we are used to that. And, while it is to be borne in mind that in Croatia the question is essentially the same as in Ireland, while in Bohemia it is not quite the same, yet the movement in all three lands springs from the same spirit,—that national spirit which has been so marked a characteristic of the present age, and which is closely connected with the general advance of free government in the present age. The despot who rules over two or more nations, if they are not so physically separate that he has to send a governor to the lesser, may treat both equally well or equally ill. He is not of necessity driven to favor or to oppress one more than the other. Set up a constitutional government, and the nation which has the greater number gains all that is implied in constitutional government. But the lesser nation may very likely lose; its freedom may be merely nominal, when it is necessarily out-voted on all points

where its interests differ from those of the greater nation. In such a case it calls for some remedy, for some change which may make its freedom a real thing and not a sham. The remedy may take different shapes, according to circumstances. One people in such a case may seek complete separation; another may seek the relation which unites Hungary and Austria; another may seek for a tie yet more strictly federal; another may be satisfied with the relation which we are at present discussing—that of Home Rule. All these kinds of demands spring from the same source, and they all have something in common. But, as political relations, they should not be confounded or made the subject of false analogies. The success or failure of any one of them proves nothing as to the probable success or failure of any other.

And we must go on further and say that Home Rule is exactly like any other political relation, or any other form of government. Of none of them can we say that they are necessarily good or bad in all times and places; it is in the nature of things that any of them may be good in one time and place and bad in another. That Home Rule, or Federation, or any other system, has succeeded or has failed in one time or place, goes but a very little way to prove that it is likely to succeed or to fail in some other time or place. All that can be proved in this way about Home Rule, or about anything else, is that, if it has once succeeded, it may succeed again; if it has once failed, it may fail again. But when we hear so much declamation against Home Rule, as if it were something new and unheard of, something absurd and monstrous itself, it is of no small moment to show that Home Rule is a well-known political relation, which has existed in various times and still exists in various places, and that, if it has sometimes failed, it has also sometimes succeeded. When we hear declamation about Home Rule for Ireland as being a "disintegration of the Empire," and other such wonderful pilings of syllables, it is of no small moment to show that Home Rule for Ireland does not imply—that it, in truth, expressly forbids—any lessening of the Queen's dominions; that the particular form of it proposed by Mr. Gladstone did not even imply the lessening of the area of the United Kingdom. I am, myself, a convinced Home-Ruler; I was so for some years before Mr. Gladstone's proposals were announced; but my object in this article is not to prove that Home Rule for Ireland would be a good thing, but only that it is possible that it may be a good thing. I wish at present simply to

clear the ground for fair argument, to show what Home Rule is, how it differs from other political relations with which it is often confounded, what it implies and what it does not imply, and how little it implies some of the things which its enemies say that it implies. But when we have shown this, we have not proved Home Rule to be a good thing for Ireland at the present moment; we have only made the way clear for proving it to be so. When a man simply babbles or rages about "disintegration of Empires," there is only the alternative suggested by the prophet—Shall the fool be answered according to his folly, or not? But let a man say, I accept Home Rule as a possible political relation; I admit that it has succeeded in some cases and may succeed in others; but I see reasons to believe that it will not succeed in this particular case of Ireland in the year 1888, —then we have come across a reasonable opponent. His arguments may be weak or they may be strong; they may convince us or they may not; but they are, at least, reasonable in form; they are entitled to be weighed and answered. For instance, the objection to Irish Home Rule on the ground of the special position of certain parts of Ulster is an objection perfectly reasonable in form; I do not think it is unanswerable, but it is entitled to be weighed; whenever it is put in a rational shape, it is quite different from the bluster about "disintegration." The truth is that the matter is one in which there are difficulties and dangers on both sides, and in which the question is, on which side the difficulties and dangers are the greater. I hold that the difficulties and dangers of refusing Home Rule to Ireland are far greater than those of granting it. Many of my friends put the balance the other way. When the question is brought to this stage, it can be argued. Most likely, neither side will convince the other, but each side will be able to see what the other side means; and that is something.

I will touch on one point of detail only, because it is one which goes to the root of the matter. In Mr. Gladstone's proposed measure of Home Rule, the Parliament sitting at Westminster was no longer to contain Irish members. I hold this to be an essential feature of the scheme, an essential feature of any scheme of Home Rule. By Mr. Gladstone's scheme, Ireland was formally to exchange a nominal voice, both in its own affairs and in common affairs, for the real management of its own affairs and no voice at all in common affairs. This is the true relation of Home Rule. As dependent Canada has no representatives in the Parliament of the United

Kingdom, so neither would dependent Ireland have representatives in the Parliament of Great Britain. I am unable to understand why this provision, which seemed so naturally to follow from the rest of the scheme, awakened so powerful an opposition among Mr. Gladstone's own supporters. I believe the Irish have no wish to appear in the British Parliament. They wish to manage their own affairs, and are ready to leave Great Britain to manage its own affairs and those of the "Empire" to boot. It is very hard to see in what character the Irish members are to show themselves at Westminster. If they may vote on British affairs, while the British members do not vote on Irish affairs, surely too great a privilege is given to Ireland; it is Great Britain which will become the dependency. If they are to vote on "Imperial" affairs only, to say nothing of the difficulty of defining such affairs, it will be something very strange, very novel, very hard to work, to have members of Parliament who are only half-members, who must walk out of the House whenever certain classes of subjects are discussed. The notion seems to come from the common confusion between Home Rule and Federation. If the United Kingdom is to become a Federation, then, of course, there will be Irish members in the general body; but then there must be separate legislatures, at least, for England, Scotland, and Wales. Perhaps this, and not Home Rule, is what things are tending to. But such a change would be very much greater than those who seem to wish for it seem to think, and, at any rate, so great a change should not be brought in by a side wind. The many questions which are involved in such a proposal cannot be discussed here now. It is enough to say once more that Home Rule is one thing, and that Federation is another; that Federation would require the presence of Irish members in the Federal Assembly of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; but that Home Rule, while giving Ireland her own dependent Parliament for her own affairs, finds no place for representatives of the dependent land in the sovereign Parliament of Great Britain.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

THE recent reception by Mr. Powderly of a delegation of Knights of Labor, sent to urge a change of the name of that organization, is perhaps an event of sufficient significance to be used in pointing off a stage in the history of the labor movement. It is but three years * since the rapid growth of that Order and the aggressive energy of its management began to eclipse, in popular interest, alike foreign news and domestic politics. For a time the plans and prospects of the Knights of Labor did not merely form the most frequent topic of conversation in all circles, serious or frivolous; they were the theme of the deepest thought and most earnest feeling given to any matter by the mass of the community. Indifference was, indeed, not possible. According to the predispositions or prevailing views of individuals, the almost daily advances made by the new league were greeted with enthusiastic delight, or observed with anxiety and dread. As trade-union after trade-union surrendered its autonomy, and thousands a day of laborers, previously unattached, gave in their allegiance, those who had been accustomed to look forward to a general parliament of labor, which should redress the balance of industrial power, felt that the good time, so often promised, so long postponed, had, indeed, come; while the body of employers, the economists generally, and the great mass of conservative people anticipated the gravest industrial and social evils from a resistless and remorseless tyranny. It goes without saying that the politicians grovelled, as only American politicians can grovel, before all who were supposed to exercise any influence among the "Knights." Legislators began to prepare bills with blank spaces to be filled in according to whatever should be ascertained to be the wishes of the new party; and every political "platform" at once took on an ample annex, carpeted, railed-in, and provided with reserved seats for the representatives of "labor."

It is not easy now for one to place himself back again at the point he occupied at the time, recent as that is, and to recall the reality and the intensity of the fears with which the supporters of

* The organization had been in existence for some years before it attracted any considerable degree of public attention.

the *status* contemplated the apparent accomplishment of the scheme for a general confederation of labor. "The writer well remembers the gloomy forebodings of many most sensible and judicious persons, who looked for little better than the transfer of all initiative in production from the employing to the laboring class, followed by a general cessation of industry, and the speedy waste and destruction of existing capital. Rarely has the balance of the American temper been so much disturbed; rarely has the sceptical, practical, compromising spirit of our people, which leads them to avoid extremes, to distrust large expectations, and to take all they can get, "down," for anything they have on hand, however promising, so far lost control of our acts and thoughts and feelings as during the brief period when the organization known as the Knights of Labor was rising to the zenith of its popularity and power. The lessons of history were neglected; and even the wisest and firmest forgot that "the modesty of nature" rarely permits so much, whether for good or for evil, to be effected at once, and by a single effort.

Such was the importance assigned to the Knights of Labor, by their enemies and by their friends, two or three years ago. At the time it seemed that soon nothing would be able to stand against them. It would be too much to say that now there is none so poor to do them reverence; but the attitude of the Order is certainly very different from what it was. Defeat on more than one field; extensive resignations of individual membership; coldness on the part of many trade-unions, open revolt by others; the actual appearance of a rival organization, have greatly reduced the prestige and the strength of the Knights of Labor. The pendulum has swung the other way; and many persons are anticipating the speedy demise of the troublesome Order, or are already writing its obituary. Such an expectation must be warranted, if at all, by general considerations and by a study of the temper of the people; not by the mere facts which have been recited. These alone would not suffice for so large a conclusion. Great causes are seldom prosecuted to a successful conclusion without reverses and periods of coldness and discouragement. In social movements, immediate defeat does not create a presumption against the worthiness of the object sought or against the possibility of its ultimate attainment. So far from this, it is even a condition of final success; it is needed to compact the organization, to sift the membership, to bring forward the true leaders; it is needed for the proper revision and reconsideration of objects, plans, and methods, which, as first conceived, may have been

unworthy or inappropriate; it is needed to give sobriety of temper, earnestness of purpose, an adequate appreciation of the ends to be sought, qualified by a due regard for the rights of others.

The mere fact, then, that the Knights of Labor have plainly failed in their first efforts to control production and legislate for the industrial system, furnishes no reason for believing that the struggle is over, unless, indeed, the experiences of the past two years have satisfied the leaders of the movement and the mass of their followers that it is either undesirable or impracticable to carry labor organization further than the trade-union. If vast numbers of artisans and laborers still believe, as they so short a time ago believed, that their own good and the good of society require the general confederation of labor, with subordination of local and special interests, the contest is not over. This, then, is the one question in the situation reached: has the experiment thus far tried satisfied the working people, generally, that their objects are not to be sought in this way? If not, we may be sure there is enough of courage and the capability of self-sacrifice, on their part, to open a new campaign with unabated ardor, though it may be by different methods and under changed leaders.

In no sense is the issue of "organized labor" involved: this has not been the question, at all, during these two years. The real contest has been between two forms of labor organization; and the main resistance encountered by those who sought to extend the power and influence of the Knights of Labor, has come, avowedly or secretly, by open opposition or indirect action, from those who controlled the forces and the resources of preëxisting labor organizations. The trade-union has fully established itself in the industrial system of the world. It can only be driven out by the steady advances of education, both general and technical, both literary and political.

It is now about sixty years since combinations of workingmen to influence the hours and conditions of labor, or the rates and terms of its remuneration, were first made lawful in England. Beginning their operations amid the distrust of the community, under the ban of the economists, and against the stern opposition of the employing class, trade-unions have made their way to general acceptance. Much they did, at one stage or another of their development, which was foolish; not a little that was reprehensible; and upon these things their critics have loved to dwell, as if the rule of human conduct was wisdom, moderation, and consideration for the rights and interests of others.

Yet, in spite of all, the trade-unions have borne an important part in the industrial, social, and political elevation of the English people. Nothing less than the series of fierce revolts which followed the repeal of the Combinations Acts in 1824–5, could have lifted the operative class out of the horrible pit and miry clay * into which they had sunk under the effects at once of unequal competition and of vicious laws regulating poor-relief; by no shocks less violent could the degraded masses have been roused from the lethargy and apathy which hopeless poverty and long suffering had engendered; no succession of individual efforts would have sufficed to create in the factory populations that confidence in themselves and in their fellows, that social and industrial ambition, and that capability of calm, steadfast self-assertion, which are gradually transforming the English squirarchy into a true democracy. Even to the present moment, I, for one, believe that the conscious, purposed efforts of the working classes of that country, through the organizations by themselves created, sustained, and administered, to improve their industrial condition, have continued to be the greatest educational force in English life; have done more to raise the general level of character, conduct, and political capability throughout the kingdom than any other agency. And it is a sufficiently natural result that, the longer and the more successfully the trade-unions have carried on their work, the more harmonious their relations to the employing class have become; the more temperate their acts; the more steadfast their policy. The noisy, the brutal, the incoherent, the frivolous, have been remitted to subordinate places; the best men have come to the front; less and less resort has been had to violence and intimidation; the function of the labor organizations has become more and more positive, less and less prohibitory.

In the United States, the trade-union has had no such part to perform. Our laboring classes have never known—they could not, indeed, conceive—the condition in which the repeal of the Combinations Acts found the town and the agricultural populations of England. Moreover, our own people, inheriting from their pioneer ancestry an exceptional degree of mental alertness, activity, and enterprise, possessed from the first of political franchises, accustomed to the communication of ideas, and to the discussion and decision of public affairs, educated in all the requisites of practical business, and embraced by

* No one who is familiar with the official reports which portray the condition of the working classes of England between 1815 and 1834 will deem this expression exaggerated.

a social system which invited and encouraged movement and change, were vastly better qualified to assert themselves by individual action than were the corresponding classes in England. Hence it came about that the trade-union was much later in its appearance among us; that it found here a much less important work to be performed by associated action; and that it has, thus far, failed to take so strong a hold upon our industrial system as it has taken abroad. Perhaps it has been owing to the same causes that what it has done here has been done much less effectively and cleanly than the corresponding work in England; and that the trade-union, with us, is a far less perfect agency. Down to the War of Secession, indeed, labor organizations can scarcely be said to have made their appearance in the United States. Whether without the vast accessions of foreign labor which have taken place the desultory genius of the native people, their impatience of restraint, their indisposition to long-sustained exertion in any direction, would, in the absence of stronger reasons for associated action, have allowed trade-unionism any considerable career, is fairly a question. Certain it is that the main impulse towards the formation of labor organizations among us has been of foreign derivation, and that alien elements have contributed by far the greater part of their membership.

Whatever might have come about, in these respects, had our native population been left to themselves, we have now, in fact, trade-unionism established on a considerable scale, and apparently with vitality enough not only to make itself formidable in contests with the employing class, but also to maintain itself against internal dissensions and against the tendency to disintegration resulting from gradual loss of interest or from repugnance to periodical assessment, that severest test of every enterprise in which native Americans participate.

With, then, labor "organized" to this degree, what is it which is to be sought through the Knights of Labor? It is not possible to give any answer to this question which shall not be subject to cavil, inasmuch as the programmes of the league embrace a great variety of matters,* some of which have as little genuine relation to

*Thus, certain propositions of a distinctly socialistic character are embraced in the declaration of principles which forms an integral part of the application for membership which every one who would become a Knight of Labor is required to sign. This fact no more proves that all Knights really hold such opinions, than the unanimous adoption of Mr. Boutelle's "catnip tea" resolution at Chicago proves that every supporter of Harrison and Morton is a total-abstainer.

the virtual purposes of those who put them forth as have many of the "planks" of a political "platform," in which expressions of sympathy with Cuban or Cretan insurgents, proffers of support to Irish Home-Rulers, avowals of interest in woman suffrage or temperance, are joined with the resolutions which set forth the serious intentions of the party and pronounce the issues of the campaign.

Assuming the existence of trade-unions, in numbers and power such as they are in the United States, the real objects of the league known as the Knights of Labor were, as I understand it, two:

1st. To include in the ranks of organized labor large classes of persons who could not easily or effectively be brought within trade-unions. In some cases this disability might be due to the essential character of the occupations pursued; in others, to comparative isolation. Among these classes may be mentioned agricultural laborers, "common" or day laborers, seamstresses, domestic servants, clerks and copyists, etc. To all these the programme of the Knights of Labor proposed to extend the advantages enjoyed by those more fortunate bodies of working people, who, from the nature of their occupations, or from the fact of their being grouped in large numbers, were or could become members of trade-unions.

2d. To trade-unionists the new league proposed vast advantages, resulting from the wide geographical extent of its operations, far transcending the field which any single trade organization could assume to cover; from the greatness of its membership, swollen by all the rolls of all the unions; and from the concentration, under a central control, of the resources of the whole laboring population of the land. According to the bright promise of the league, it was no longer to be possible for a combination of "capitalists" (meaning thereby employers) to choose their place and time for industrial warfare, and beat the armies of labor in detail. The interests of every laborer, of every trade, of every section, were to be made the interest of all; and wherever men, duly authorized, should strike for higher wages, or a shorter day, or better conditions of employment, then the entire power of the Order was to be invoked in their behalf. Employers might no longer "lock out" their workmen, or even resist any demand from them to which the prior sanction of the league should have been given.

Such, disguised by verbiage no more empty than that which habitually envelops the programmes of our political parties, were the purposes of the Knights of Labor. If it be asked how the first

of these objects has been carried out, it must be confessed not only that nothing has been done, but that nothing has been attempted, in behalf of those neglected and often much-distressed classes for whom the powerful aid of organized labor was to be invoked. The poor seamstress,

> "With fingers weary and worn,
> With eyelids heavy and red,"

still moans her pitiful "Song of the Shirt." No Great-heart, sword in hand, and clad in the bright panoply of Christian charity, has "dropped in" at the retail dry-goods store, to give notice that hours must be shorter or wages higher for the half-fainting girls at the counter. A great deal of attention has, indeed, as many house-holders can testify, been shown by individual Knights to persons engaged in domestic service; but no effort has been put forth by the league itself on behalf of domestic servants, as a class. Day-laborers have been left to make their bargains, unaided in the general market, except where a few, more fortunate, have, by a judicious "combine" with "statesmen" * who retail spirits and run municipal governments, been put upon public works at half a dollar a day above current rates. Even the agricultural laborers, with all their votes, still make what terms they can with their employers, whether on the cotton plantations of the South or the wheat farms of the West.

So far as I have observed, no effort has been put forth to reënforce laborers' demands through the authority and resources of the new Order, except in cases where the persons concerned were already under the protection of trade-unions, and, even here, it has been a rule, almost without exception, that when the power of the Knights has been exerted, it has been in favor of classes who were not the least, but among the most, fortunate in respect to their remuneration. Indeed, wherever issue has been joined with employers, the chief difficulty of representatives of the Order has been to keep back the tide that has set in from every quarter, even from distant States, eager to obtain the wages which the strikers have disdained. Appeals, remonstrances, threats, and even violence have had to be freely used to prevent a strike from being ended in a single week by the influx of unemployed, or more poorly paid, laborers.

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* William M. Tweed.

These facts are not alleged as if they showed any marked perversity of character or extraordinary selfishness on the part of the Knights of Labor. Since even the gods are said to help those who help themselves, the Executive Committee of the league have highly respectable authority for leaving the poor seamstress and the foot-sore shop-girl to take such care as they can of their own estate, and applying all their force to improve the condition of artisans who already receive more than the average wages.

As to the degree of success achieved by the new Order in efforts to reënforce the power of local organizations struggling with so-called "capital," it is not so simple a matter to pronounce judgment. In the employment of the illegitimate boycott, the Knights of Labor have been signally beaten, to the honor of the American name. A half-dozen petty dealers in New York city, and perhaps elsewhere, have been ruined by this dastardly device; but, in general, the terrors of the law, reënforced by public indignation and contempt, have sufficed to turn this coward's weapon against those who have sought to use it.

In the employment of the perfectly legitimate instrumentality of the strike, the experiences of the Knights have been varied. They have won victories, and they have suffered defeats. As to what these victories and these defeats signify concerning the power of the Order in the future, opinions directly opposite might with equal plausibility be expressed. It might be said that the victories were won with but a small part of the force at command; and that the defeats were suffered through over confidence, through the rawness of those in charge, or through some diplomatic or strategic blunder. On the contrary, it might be said that the victories of the league have been so costly that a few more of them would bring ruin; and that, if an association of such numbers, starting out with so much of prestige and of material resources, could possibly be defeated at all in the first encounter, it would be easily within the power of the employing class, by due organization and preparation, to win in all subsequent contests. One of these views regarding the facts of the past two years is just as plausible as the other; and we must, therefore, look either to the reason of the case, or await the developments of the future.

For the moment let us ask how far it is desirable, in the interest of the general community, and even in the interest of the laborers themselves, that any association should have such a power, in such a

degree, as the Knights of Labor have attempted to reach and have claimed to possess.

That, in any extensive community, where the factory and workshop system is highly developed, embracing large bodies of laborers of both sexes, of all ages except the very youngest, and of widely varying orders of skill, intelligence, forethought, and self-restraint, it is desirable, if not indeed essential, in order to secure the community against grave evils, that the power of resistance, on the part of individuals, to a reduction of wages, or to an increase of the hours of work, or to other unwelcome requirements of the master class, should be strengthened, in some way or other, from the outside, is now admitted by nearly all publicists and economists. The means of thus strengthening the power of resistance in the individual laborer may be found either in legislation or in voluntary association, or in both. In the development of the industrial system of nearly all civilized states, these two agencies have been employed in conjunction. The law has fixed hours of labor, which must not be exceeded, and has provided for the sanitary care and inspection of buildings, and for the guarding and fencing of machinery. In many cases, the legislature has gone further, and has established regulations to protect working people against vague and indeterminate contracts, against arbitrary charges, machine-rents, fines, or other deductions from wages; against payment in commodities, or in anything except "the coin of the realm;" and in other ways has sought to help the feeble, the inert, the ignorant. Meanwhile, trade-unions have entered, to conduct the negotiations with the employer as to rates of wages and other conditions of employment, subject to the general limitations prescribed by legislation.

As to the expediency, on all accounts, of that which the law has thus undertaken to do, there is now substantial unanimity among all disinterested persons. As to the desirability of having this followed up by the intervention of the trade-union between the individual laborer and the employer, there is more difference of views; but, as has been said, there is a decided preponderance of opinion in favor of the action of trade-unions, when conducted with as much of good sense and good feeling as is fairly to be expected of men trained under free institutions. It is felt that it is alike for the interest of the laborer and of the general community, and even, if rightly viewed, of the employer himself, that the laborer should perform a real part in fixing the rate of wages and other conditions of employment; that his

action should not, by his necessities and his urgent fear of losing employment, be limited to merely taking what is offered him; but that he should be able virtually to dispute the ground with the employer, in the case of a threatened reduction, if not also of a desired advance; that he should be able to carry on that debate so strenuously and so long as to put the employer under a strong, a very strong, inducement to yield the point, if it can be done without injury to his business or impairment of his capital.

That such a state of things would, in the immediate instance, be for the interest of the working class, goes without saying; and the best results of recent economic thinking serve to approve this, as also for the benefit of the community as a whole, and even, in the long run, for the advantage of the master class.

From the intense severity of competition in the modern industrial and commercial system, the majority of employers are kept, without relief, under a painful pressure, which compels them to save in every way, at every point, in order to reduce the cost of production. The most natural, the nearest, the easiest mode of reducing the cost of production is to cut down wages or to lengthen the hours of work. It is not greed, so much as the instinct of self-preservation, which leads the employer to take this course; and if he can succeed in this, he will sincerely believe that there was at the time no other way. It is only when shut off from this destructive resort that he will, under the spur of necessity, which is the mother of invention, find out the way to reducing other elements of cost, through a more rigid economy of materials; through improvements in processes and greater care of machinery; through increased activity infused into every department of the business; through a closer adaptation of means to ends; through stopping every leak and turning everything to the utmost possible account. Those who cannot, in ways like these, bring about the balance of income and outgo, should, for the general good, be driven out, and their places in the industrial order be filled by men of greater skill, resource, and energy. Even of the ablest masters, however, it may fairly be said that it is only when they find they cannot cut down wages, that they will turn to other means of reducing cost of production; and this, not from lack of natural good-feeling, but because, as was remarked, the former is the most natural and easy way of effecting what may be, in a given situation, an absolutely necessary object. I spoke of the cutting down of wages as a "destructive resort;" and so it is, except in

those cases where it is involved in a wholesale readjustment to meet a general change of prices (as, for instance, through an alteration of the value of money), or to suit new relations in the industrial system; or, else, when it is a purely temporary expedient responding to transient phases of the market. For, when a real reduction of wages has become general and permanent, competition speedily brings the same stringent pressure upon the least competent employers as before; and the urgent feeling of a necessity to reduce wages again springs up. But if this be effected, the employing class will soon be not better, but worse, off, since any considerable reduction in "real wages," *i. e.*, the comforts, decencies, and necessaries of life enjoyed by the working class,* in the form of food, shelter, clothing, and even of moderate social pleasures, necessarily tells upon the laborer's muscular strength, his power of sustained exertion, his health, his hopefulness and ambition, his interest in his master's business, and probably, also, upon his habits. Under this "destructive resort," therefore, what the laborer loses no one gains. The apparent margin of profits furnished by the diminution of wages is eaten away by a reduction in the vigor or an impairment of the quality of work; and the degraded and dispirited laborer soon becomes worth his lower remuneration even less fully than formerly he was worth his higher wages. The ultimate result is that no one is richer, but the whole community is poorer, alike in the quality of its citizenship and in its productive power.

The subject is one which would require much argument and illustration for its full development; but perhaps enough has been said to justify the proposition that it is for the general welfare that the resistance to reductions of wages should be firm and persistent, only yielding to an absolute industrial necessity. Now, this the trade-union undertakes to effect. That, in performing that function, labor organizations often act unreasonably, sometimes even wantonly and violently, is due to inherent vices of human nature, to defective education, and largely, also, to the failure to cultivate friendly and courteous relations and secure due mutual understanding between

* "The wages of labor are the encouragement of industry, which, like every other human quality, improves in proportion to the encouragement it receives. A plentiful subsistence increases the bodily strength of the laborer, and the comfortable hope of bettering his condition, and ending his days perhaps in ease and plenty, animates him to exert that strength to the utmost. When wages are high, accordingly, we shall always find the workmen more active, diligent, and expeditious than when they are low,"—Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*.

employer and employed. The function itself is, in circumstances such as have been depicted, of great economic importance.

But if the trade-union undertakes that work, what is there for the Knights of Labor to do? It is here we reach the true ground for estimating and judging the main purpose of this organization. What the Knights of Labor have accomplished in the past two years is not now in point, but what they sought to do,—which was so to reënforce the power and resources of local or trade organizations engaged in contests with the employing class as to render success certain, first, through bringing to the fighting body the moral and material support of the laboring population of the country; secondly, through cutting off the supply of labor which naturally tends to flow into any place where a strike has for the time created an industrial vacuum. The question as now raised is, not whether the Knights of Labor have, in fact, been able to accomplish this, or are likely to do so in the future, but whether it is, on any account, desirable that this should be done at all.

Giving such a qualified approval as I do to the economic effects of trade-unions, I am compelled to believe that the full realization of the professed purpose of the Knights of Labor would be to institute a hideous and intolerable tyranny, which would be worse by far than the tyranny that would result from unrestrained power on the part of the master class, and would speedily lead to a wholesale destruction of wealth and a general prostration of industry. But, it will be asked, is not the object of the Knights of Labor the same as that of the trade-unions? and is not the difference between these agencies for effecting that object one of degree? To both these questions I answer, yes. This is precisely one of those cases, recognized by the law,* and even more fully by political and social philosophy, where a certain difference in degree may constitute a difference in kind.

The distinction to be observed is just this: the familiar labor organizations may be said, in a general way, to have strength enough to offset the great economic advantage which the employers of labor, through their higher intelligence, their larger means, and their initiative in production, enjoy in the unceasing struggle over the distribution of the product of industry. Through a long trial they have shown that they have strength enough to secure a full, attentive, and respectful consideration of the interests and claims of their

* Instance: Nuisances, assaults, breaches of the peace.

members. They are strong enough, in a majority of instances, to compel a compliance with their reasonable demands, and to beat any combination of employers which shall attempt to act unfairly or abusively. On the other hand, they have not, as a rule, been able to overbear the rightful authority of the employer, to interfere with his necessary control of his own business, to render it unsafe to undertake contracts, to transfer the initiative in production from him to his workmen.

In a word, something approaching an equilibrium has been reached between the powers of the two parties, securing industrial peace to as great a degree as could be expected from poor human-nature, under the rightful and growing—the fortunately growing—ambition and self-assertion of the working classes. Employers have been obliged to consider carefully the wishes and interests of their laborers; they have been rendered anxious to avoid causes of offence, and willing, in reason, to concede, whenever that is possible. This is as it should be. No good comes from the exercise of unchecked and irresponsible power in industry any more than in government. On the other side, the trade-unions have learned that there is a limit to their power; that in making excessive or offensive demands they are likely to be beaten; and that a defeat on one such issue both shakes severely the confidence of their own membership, and correspondingly encourages and strengthens the master class.

It is in this situation, when both parties respect each other's rights because they recognize each other's strength, that the Knights of Labor enter and propose to turn the scale of power wholly and hopelessly to the side of the laborer, supplying the means, through contributions raised from the whole laboring body of the nation, for indefinitely protracting the contest, wherever joined; holding back all labor from flowing in to fill the void created by the strike; and, in the last resort, making it, by the imposition of the boycott, worse than useless for the employer to produce at all, except only and always in form, at times, in amounts, for wages and upon conditions prescribed for him by others! Can any person, however little intelligent, seriously claim that such an entire subjugation of the employer, which would leave him bound, hand and foot, at the mercy of his workmen, and which would practically confiscate his entire capital, would be consistent with common honesty or ordinary decency, as between man and man? Can any intelligent person really believe that such a state of things would promote the welfare of the community, as a whole, or even prove for the ultimate benefit of the working classes?

Would not the possession of such unbounded power, of itself, tend to make the demands of "labor" unreasonable? Would it not serve to bring to the top, in control of the organization, the men who in their nature are arbitrary, harsh, and reckless, rather than those more moderate, sensible, and conciliatory? All these liabilities to evil are additional to the fundamental difficulties which would attend the attempted control of a thousand diverse industries by a central body, which could not be large if it were to possess executive efficiency, but which, if it were to be small, could not be intelligent in regard to the infinitude of technical and commercial details which enter into the daily management of a nation's business.

For myself, I believe that the rapid growth of the Knights of Labor, three and two years ago, was due to a transient glow of feeling, a sudden access of optimism among the artisan and operative class; not to any deep sense of the need of such an organization to protect the interests of workingmen. I believe that the real impulse which led to the adhesion of most of the members of the new Order was not selfish, but a desire, loyal and benevolent, though vague, to aid in a movement which they were assured would be for the general good;—assurances which they, for the time, accepted without much serious consideration of the natural workings of the proposed system. An impulse having been once given to the spread of the organization, it became, as in the case of so many popular movements in America, first a fashion and then a passion to join in; while professional agitators, politicians, and the press fanned the flame to fury. The sudden decline in the strength and numbers of the Order has been due, not so much to the resistance encountered, to defeats and losses sustained in contests with employers, not so much, even, to the national inaptitude for long-sustained exertion in any one direction, as to the fact that the practical common-sense of the people has asserted itself; and that, on looking more closely into the matter, and thinking it over, the majority of those who have been members fail to find any sufficient reason why they should continue to be at the trouble and expense of supporting it. The progress of disintegration has, of course, been hastened by the action of the managers of many trade-unions, who, having always been restless under the authority assumed over them, have taken the first occasion to call off their own members.

FRANCIS A. WALKER.

AN OLD MASTER.

WHY is it that no one has ever written an essay on the art of academic lecturing and its many notable triumphs? In some quarters new educational canons have spoken an emphatic condemnation of the college lecture, and it would seem to be high time to consider its value, as illustrative of an art about to be lost, if not as examplary of forces to be retained, even if modified. Here are some of the questions which thrust themselves forward in the topic: Are not our college class-rooms, in being robbed of the old-time lecture, and getting instead a science-brief of *data* and bibliography, being deprived also of that literary atmosphere which once pervaded them? We are unquestionably gaining in thoroughness; but are we gaining in thoughtfulness? We are giving to many youths an insight, it may be profound, into specialties; but are we giving any of them a broad outlook?

There was too often a paralysis of dulness in the old lecture, or, rather, in the old lecturer; and written lectures, like history and fashion in dress, have an inveterate tendency to repeat themselves; but, on the contrary, there was often a wealth of power in the studied discourse of strong men. Men bent upon instructing and inspiring—and there were many such—had to master that central secret of literature and spoken utterance,—the secret of style. Their only instrument of conquest was the sword of penetrating speech. Some of the subtlest and most lasting effects of genuine oratory have gone forth from secluded lecture-desks into the hearts of quiet groups of students; and it would seem to be good policy to endure much indifferent lecturing—watchful trustees might reduce it to a minimum—for the sake of leaving places open for the men who have in them the inestimable force of chastened eloquence. For one man who can impart an undying impulse there are several score, presupposing the requisite training, who can impart a method; and here is the well-understood ground for the cumulating disfavor of college lecturing and the rapid substitution of "laboratory drill": but will not higher education be cut off from communion with the highest of all forces—the force of personal inspiration in

the field of great themes of thought—if you interdict the literary method in the class-room?

I am not inclined, however, to consume very many words in insisting on this point, for I believe that educators are now dealing more frankly with themselves than ever before, and that so obvious a point will by no means escape full recognition before reforming methods of college and university instruction take their final shape. But I also believe that it is very well to be thinking about the matter meanwhile, in order that this force may be getting ready to come fully militant into the final battle for territory. The best way of compassing this end would seem to be the studying of the old masters of the art of learned discourse. With Lanfranc one could get the infinite charm of the old monastic school life; with Abelard, the undying excitement of philosophical and religious controversy; with Colet, the fire of reforming zeal; with Blackstone, the satisfactions of clarified learning. But Bec and Paris and Oxford have by no means monopolized the masters of this art, and I should prefer, for the nonce at least, to choose an exemplar from Scotland, and speak of Adam Smith. It will, no doubt, be possible to speak of him without going over again the well-worn ground of the topics usually associated with his great fame.

There is much, besides the contents of his published works, to draw to Adam Smith the attention of those who are attracted by individual power. Scotchmen have long been reputed strong in philosophic doctrine, and he was a Scot of the Scots. But, though Scotland is now renowned for her philosophy, that renown is not of immemorial origin; it was not till the last century was well advanced that she began to add great speculative thinkers to her great preachers. Adam Smith, consequently, stands nearly at the opening of the greatest of the intellectual eras of Scotland; and yet by none of the great Scotch names, which men have learned since his day, has his name been eclipsed. The charm about the man consists, for those who do not regard him with the special interest of the political economist, in his literary method, which exhibits his personality and makes his works thoroughly his own, rather than in any facts about his eminency among Scotchmen. You bring away from your reading of Adam Smith a distinct and attractive impression of the man himself, such as you can get from the writings of no other author in the same field, and such as makes you wish to know still more of him. What was he like, and what was his daily life?

Unhappily, we know very little of Adam Smith as a man, and it may be deplored, without injustice to a respected name, that we owe that little to Dugald Stewart—the worst, because the most self-conscious, of biographers, whose stilted periods sometimes run a page without advancing the sense a line, and whose style, both of thought and of expression, is excellent to be avoided. Even from Dugald Stewart, however, we get a picture of Adam Smith which must please every one who loves simplicity and genuineness. He was not, perhaps, a companionable man; he was much too absent-minded to be companionable; but he was, in the highest sense, interesting. His absent-mindedness was of that sort which indicates fulness of mind —a mind content, much of the time, to live within itself, indulging in those delights of quiet contemplation which the riches of a full mind can always command. Often he would open to his companions his mind's fullest confidences, and, with a rare versatility, lavish upon topics the most varied and diverse a wealth of information and illustration, always to the wondering delight of all who heard him.

Those who met Adam Smith in intimate intercourse are said to have been struck chiefly by the gentleness and benignity of his manner—traits which would naturally strike one in a Scotchman, for men of that unbending race are not often distinguished by easiness of temper or suavity of manner, but are generally both *fortiter in re et fortiter in modo.* His gentleness was, possibly, only one phase of that timidity which is natural to absent-minded men, and which was always conspicuous in him. That timidity made it rare with him to talk much. When he did talk, as I have said, his hearers marvelled at the ingenuity of his reasoning, at the constructive power of his imagination, at the comprehensiveness of his memory, at the fertility of his resources; but his inclination was always to remain silent. He was not, however, disinclined to public discourse, and it is chiefly to his unusual gifts as a lecturer that he seems to have owed his advancement in the literary, or, rather, in the university, world.

Acting upon the advice of Lord Kames, an eminent barrister and a man of some standing in the history of philosophy, he volunteered a course of lectures in Edinburgh almost immediately upon his return from Oxford; and the success of this course was hardly assured before he was elected to the chair of Logic in the University of Glasgow. In the following year he had the honor of succeeding to the chair of Moral Philosophy, once occupied by the learned and ingenious Hutcheson. He seems to have been at once successful in

raising his new chair to a position of the very highest consideration. His immediate predecessor had been one Thomas Craigie, who has left behind him so shadowy a reputation that it is doubtless safe to conclude that his department was, at his death, much in need of a fresh infusion of life. This it received from Adam Smith. The breadth and variety of the topics upon which he chose to lecture, and the felicity, strength, and vitality of the exposition he gave them (we are told by one who had sat under him), soon drew to Glasgow "a multitude of students from a great distance" to hear him. His mastery of the art of academic lecturing was presently an established fact. It appears clear to me that his success was due to two things: the broad outlook of his treatment and the fine art of his style. His chair was Moral Philosophy; and "moral philosophy" seems to have been the most inclusive of general terms in the university usage of Scotland at that day, and, indeed, for many years afterward. Apparently it embraced all philosophy that did not directly concern the phenomena of the physical world, and, accordingly, allowed its doctors to give very free play to their tastes in their choice of subjects. Adam Smith, in Glasgow, could draw within the big family of this large-hearted philosophy not only the science of mental phenomena, but also the whole of the history and organization of society; just as, years afterward, John Wilson, in Edinburgh, could insist upon the adoption of something very like *belles-lettres* into the same generous and unconventional family circle.

Adam Smith sought to cover the field he had chosen with a fourfold course of lectures. First, he unfolded the principles of natural theology; second, he illustrated the principles of ethics in a series of lectures, which were afterward embodied in his published work on the *Theory of Moral Sentiments;* third, he discoursed on that branch of morality which relates to the administration of justice; and, last, coming out upon that field with which his name is now identified, he examined those political regulations which are founded, not upon principles of justice, but upon considerations of expediency, and which are calculated to increase the riches, the power, and the prosperity of the state. His own notes of his lectures he himself destroyed when he felt death approaching, and we are left to conjecture what the main features of his treatment were, from the recorded recollections of his pupils and from those published works which remain as fragments of the great plan. These fragments consist of the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, the *Wealth of Nations*, and

Considerations Concerning the First Formation of Languages; besides which there are, to quote another's enumeration, "a very curious history of astronomy, left imperfect, and another fragment on the history of ancient physics, which is a kind of sequel to that part of the history of astronomy which relates to ancient astronomy; then a similar essay on the ancient logic and metaphysics; then another on the nature and development of the fine, or, as he calls them, the imitative, arts, painting, poetry, and music, in which was meant to have been included a history of the theatre—all forming part, his executors tell us, 'of a plan he had once formed for giving a connected history of the liberal and elegant arts'; "—part, that is (to continue the quotation from Mr. Bagehot), of the "immense design of showing the origin and development of cultivation and law; or . . . of saying how, from being a savage, man rose to be a Scotchman."

The wideness of view and amazing variety of illustration that characterized his treatment, in developing the several parts of this vast plan, can easily be inferred from an examination of the *Wealth of Nations.*

"The *Wealth of Nations*," declares Mr. Buckle, from whom, for obvious reasons, I prefer to quote, "displays a breadth of treatment which those who cannot sympathize with, are very likely to ridicule. The phenomena, not only of wealth, but also of society in general, classified and arranged under their various forms; the origin of the division of labor, and the consequences which that division has produced; the circumstances which gave rise to the invention of money, and to the subsequent changes in its value; the history of those changes traced in different ages, and the history of the relations which the precious metals bear to each other; an examination of the connection between wages and profits, and of the laws which govern the rise and fall of both; another examination of the way in which these are concerned, on the one hand with the rent of land, and, on the other hand, with the price of commodities; an inquiry into the reason why profits vary in different trades, and at different times; a succinct but comprehensive view of the progress of towns in Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire; the fluctuations, during several centuries, in the prices of the food of the people, and a statement of how it is, that, in different stages of society, the relative cost of meat and of land varies; the history of corporation laws and of municipal enactments, and their bearing on the four great classes of apprentices, manufacturers, merchants, and landlords; an account of the immense power and riches formerly enjoyed by the clergy, and of the manner in which, as society advances, they gradually lose their exclusive privileges; the nature of religious dissent, and the reason why the clergy of the established Church can never contend with it on terms of equality, and, therefore, call on the State to help them, and wish to persecute when they cannot persuade; why some sects profess more ascetic principles, and others more luxurious ones; how it was, that, during the feudal times, the nobles acquired their power, and how that power has, ever since, been gradually diminishing; how the rights of territorial jurisdiction originated, and how they died away; how the sovereigns of Europe obtained their

revenue, what the sources of it are, and what classes are most heavily taxed in order to supply it; the cause of certain virtues, such as hospitality, flourishing in barbarous ages, and decaying in civilized ones; the influence of inventions and discoveries in altering the distribution of power among the various classes of society; a bold and masterly sketch of the peculiar sort of advantages which Europe derived from the discovery of America and of the passage round the Cape; the origin of universities, their degeneracy from the original plan, the corruption which has gradually crept over them, and the reason why they are so unwilling to adopt improvements, and to keep pace with the wants of the age; a comparison between public and private education, and an estimate of their relative advantages; these, and a vast number of other subjects, respecting the structure and development of society, such as the feudal system, slavery, emancipation of serfs, origin of standing armies and of mercenary troops, effects produced by tithes, laws of primogeniture, sumptuary laws, international treaties concerning trade, rise of European banks, national debts, influence of dramatic representations over opinions, colonies, poor-laws,—all topics of a miscellaneous character, and many of them diverging from each other,—all are fused into one great system, and irradiated by the splendor of one great genius. Into that dense and disorderly mass, did Adam Smith introduce symmetry, method, and law."

In fact, it is a book of digressions—digressions characterized by more order and method, but by little more compunction, than the wondrous digressions of Tristram Shandy.

It is interesting to note that even this vast miscellany of thought, the *Wealth of Nations*, systematized though it be, was not meant to stand alone as the exposition of a complete system; it was only a supplement to the *Theory of Moral Sentiments;* and the two together constituted only chapters in that vast book of thought which their author would have written. Adam Smith would have grouped all things that concern either the individual or the social life of man under the several greater principles of motive and action observable in human conduct. His method throughout is, therefore, necessarily abstract and deductive. In the *Wealth of Nations*, he ignores the operation of love, of benevolence, of sympathy, and of charity in filling life with kindly influences, and concentrates his attention exclusively upon the operation of self-interest and expediency; because he had reckoned with the first-named motives in the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and he would not confuse his view of the economic life of man by again lugging these in where selfishness was unquestionably the predominant force. "The philosopher," he held, "is the man of speculation, whose trade is not to do anything, but to observe everything"; and certainly he satisfied his own definition. He does observe everything; and he stores his volumes full with the sagest practical maxims, fit to have fallen from the lips

of the shrewdest of those Glasgow merchants in whose society he learned so much of the uses of his theories. But it is noticeable that none of the carefully noted facts of experience, which play so prominent a part on the stage of his argument, speaks of any other principle than the simple and single one that is the pivot of the part of his philosophy with which he is at the moment dealing. In the *Wealth of Nations*, for example, every apparent induction leads to self-interest, and to self-interest alone. In Mr. Buckle's phrase, his facts are subsequent to his argument; they are not used for demonstration, but for illustration. His historical cases, his fine generalizations, everywhere broadening and strengthening his matter, are only instances of the operation of the single abstract principle meant to be set forth.

When he was considering that topic in his course which has not come down to us in any of the remaining fragments of his lectures,—the principles of justice, namely,—although still always mindful of its relative position in the general scheme of his abstract philosophy of society, his subject led him, we are told, to speak very much in the modern historical spirit. He followed upon this subject, says the pupil already quoted, "the plan which seems to have been suggested by Montesquieu; endeavoring to trace the gradual progress of jurisprudence, both public and private, from the rudest to the most refined ages, and to point out the effects of those arts which contribute to subsistence, and to the accumulation of property, in producing corresponding improvements or alterations in law and government." In following Montesquieu, he was, of course, following one of the forerunners of that great school of philosophical students of history, which has done so much in our own time to clear away the fogs that surround the earliest ages of mankind, and to establish something like the rudiments of a true philosophy of history. And this same spirit was hardly less discernible in those later lectures on the "political institutions relating to commerce, to finances, and to the ecclesiastical and military establishments," which formed the basis of the *Wealth of Nations*. Everywhere throughout his writings there is a pervasive sense of the realities of fact and circumstance; a luminous, bracing, work-a-day atmosphere. But the conclusions are, first of all, philosophical; only secondarily practical.

It has been necessary to go over this somewhat familiar ground with reference to the philosophical method of Adam Smith, in order to come at the proper point of view from which to consider his place

among the old masters of academic lecturing. It has revealed the extent of his outlook. There yet remains something to be said of his literary method, so that we may discern the qualities of that style which, after proving so effectual in imparting power to his spoken discourses, has since, transferred to the printed page, preserved his fame so far beyond the lifetime of those who heard him.

Adam Smith took strong hold upon his hearers, as he still takes strong hold upon his readers, by force, partly, of his native sagacity, but by virtue, principally, of his consummate style. The success of his lectures was not altogether a triumph of natural gifts; it was, in great part, a triumph of sedulously cultivated art. With the true instinct of the orator and teacher, Adam Smith saw—what every one must see who speaks not for the patient ear of the closeted student only, but also to the often shallow ear of the pupil in his class-room, and to the always callous ear of the great world outside, which must be tickled in order to be made attentive—that clearness, force, and beauty of style are absolutely necessary to one who would draw men to his way of thinking; nay, to any one who would induce the great mass of mankind to give so much as passing heed to what he has to say. He knew that wit was of no avail, without wit's proper words; sagacity mean, without sagacity's mellow measures of phrase. He bestowed the most painstaking care, therefore, not only upon what he was to say, but also upon the way in which he was to say it. Dugald Stewart speaks of "that flowing and apparently artless style, which he had studiously cultivated, but which, after all his experience in composition, head justed, with extreme difficulty, to his own taste." The results were such as to offset entirely his rugged utterance and his awkward, angular action, and to enable the timid talker to exercise the spells of an orator. The charm of his discourses consisted in the power of statement which gave them life, in the clear and facile processes of proof which gave them speed, and in the vigorous, but chastened, imagination which lent them illumination. He constantly refreshed and rewarded his hearers, as he still constantly refreshes and rewards his readers, by bringing them to those clear streams of practical wisdom and happy illustration which everywhere irrigate his expositions. His counsel, even on the highest themes, was always undarkened. There were no clouds about his thoughts; the least of these could be seen without glasses through the lucid atmosphere of expression which surrounded them. He was a great thinker,—and that was much; but he also made men

recognize him as a great thinker, because he was a great master of style,—which was more. He did not put his candle under a bushel, but on a candlestick.

In Doctor Barnard's verses, addressed to Sir Joshua Reynolds and his literary friends, Adam Smith is introduced as a peer amidst that brilliant company:

> "If I have thoughts and can't express 'em,
> Gibbon shall teach me how to dress 'em
> In words select and terse;
> Jones teach me modesty and Greek,
> *Smith how to think*, Burke how to speak,
> And Beauclerc to converse."

It is this power of teaching other men how to think that has given to the works of Adam Smith an immortality of influence. In his first university chair, the chair of Logic, he had given scant time to the investigation of the formal laws of reasoning, and had insisted, by preference, upon the practical uses of discourse, as the living application of logic, treating of style, of the arts of persuasion and exposition; and here in his other chair, of Moral Philosophy, he was practically illustrating the vivifying power of the art he had formerly sought to expound to his pupils. "When the subject of his work," says Dugald Stewart, speaking of the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, "—when the subject of his work leads him to address the imagination and the heart, the variety and felicity of his illustrations, the richness and fluency of his eloquence, and the skill with which he wins the attention and commands the passions of his hearers, leave him, among our English moralists, without a rival."

Such, then, were the matters which this great lecturer handled, and such was the form he gave them. Two personal characteristics of the man stand out in apparent contrast with what he accomplished: he is said to have been extremely unpractical in the management of his own affairs, and yet he fathered that science which tells how other people's affairs—how the world's affairs—are managed; he is known to have been shy and silent, and yet he was the most acceptable lecturer of his university. But it is not uncommon for the man who is both profound and accurate in his observation of the universal and permanent forces operative in the life about him, to be almost altogether wanting in that sagacity concerning the local and temporary practical details upon which the hourly facilitation and comfort of his own life depend; nor need it surprise any one to

find the man who sits shy and taciturn in private, stand out dominant and eloquent in public. "Commonly, indeed," as Mr. Bagehot has said, "the silent man, whose brain is loaded with unexpressed ideas, is more likely to be a successful public speaker than the brilliant talker who daily exhausts himself in sharp sayings." There are two distinct kinds of observation: that which makes a man alert and shrewd, cognizant of every trifle and quick with every trick of speech; and that which makes a man a philosopher, conscious of the steady set of affairs and ready in the use of all the substantial resources of wise thought. Commend me to the former for a chat; commend me to the latter for a book. The first will sparkle; the other burns a steady flame.

Here is the picture of this Old Master: a quiet, awkward, forceful Scotchman, whose philosophy has entered everywhere into the life of politics and become a world-force in thought; an impracticable Commissioner of Customs, who has left for the instruction of statesmen the best theory of taxation; an unbusiness-like professor, who established the science of business; a man of books, who is universally honored by men of action; plain, eccentric, learned, inspired. The things that strike us most about him are, his boldness of conception and wideness of outlook, his breadth and comprehensiveness of treatment, and his carefully clarified and beautified style. He was no specialist except *in the relations of things.* Of course, spreading his topics far and wide in the domain of history and philosophy, he was at many points superficial. He took most of his materials at second hand; and it has been said that he borrowed many of his ideas from the French. But no matter who mined the gold, he coined it; the image and superscription are his. Certain separate, isolated truths which served under him may have been doing individual, guerrilla warfare elsewhere for the advancement of science; he marshalled them into drilled hosts for the conquering of the nations. Adam Smith was, possibly, somewhat indebted to the Physiocrats, but all the world is indebted to Adam Smith. Education and the world of thought need men who, like Adam Smith, will dare to know a multitude of things. Without them and their bold synthetic methods, all knowledge and all thought would fall apart into a weak analysis. Their minds do not lack in thoroughness; their thoroughness simply lacks in minuteness. It is only in the utterances of such men that the mind finds such exhilaration and exaltation as come with the free air that blows over broad uplands.

They excite you with views of the large aspects of thought; conduct you through the noblest scenery of the mind's domain; delight you with majesty of outline and sweep of prospect. In this day of narrow specialties, our thinking needs such men to fuse its parts, correlate its forces, and centre its results; and our thinking needs them in its college stage, in order that we may command horizons from our study-windows in after days.

The breadth and comprehensiveness of treatment characteristic of the utterances of such a teacher are inseparable attributes of his manner of thought. He has the artist's eye. For him things stand in picturesque relations; their great outlines fit into each other; the touch of his treatment is necessarily broad and strong. The same informing influence of artistic conception and combination gives to his style its luminous and yet transparent qualities. His sentences cannot retain the stiff joints of logic; it would be death to them to wear the chains of formal statement; they must take leave to deck themselves with eloquence. In a word, such men must write *literature*, or nothing. Their minds quiver with those broad sympathies which constitute the life of written speech. Their native catholicity makes all minds receive them as kinsmen. By reason of the very strength of their humanity, they are enabled to say things long waiting to be said, in such a way that all men may receive them. They hold commissions from the King of Speech. Such men will not, I am persuaded, always seek in vain invitations to those academic platforms which are their best coignes of vantage. But this is not just the time when they are most appreciated, or most freely encouraged to discover themselves; and it cannot be amiss to turn back to another order of things, and remind ourselves how a master of academic inspiration, possessing, in a great power to impart intellectual impulse, something higher than a trained capacity to communicate method, may sometimes be found even in a philosophical Scotchman.

WOODROW WILSON.

PESSIMISM AND RECENT VICTORIAN POETRY.

THE present generation may be regarded as roughly marking the introduction into English poetry of an entirely new element—pessimism. But any investigation into that subject is met at the outset by an embarrassing circumstance. Considerable confusion exists as to what condition of affairs justifies pessimism. There are so much personal dejection and sentimental melancholy which seek to attain dignity by the imitation of a sincere pessimism that the mere mention of the name of the latter is apt to provoke a disdainful smile in some quarters. Equally mistaken, though more dignified, is another opinion on this subject. The conviction that evil preponderates in the world is by no means pessimistic. No one, except children and very superficial persons, expects to find the Forest of Arden in real life. The "human comedy," wherein the tragic is the principal element, cannot be claimed as an original invention by modern writers. No more gloomy view of life can be found than that contained in the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, the imagery of which, borrowed from the rainy season and dismantled palace, was pathetically suggestive of desolation to the Hebrew mind. There are lines in the Greek dramatists which terrify by their appalling presentation of the sadness of life. The later tragedies of Shakspere are immeasurably sombre. Yet it may be confidently asserted that none of these teaches pessimism in the scientific sense of that phrase. They may all be distinguished from one another as subtilely as possible. The conception of life in the first is undoubtedly Hebraistic, in the second Hellenic, in the third Puritanic. But they all possess one element in common which saves them from pessimism. They all emphasize personality.

The prominent position which the principle of personality has occupied in literature ought not to be overlooked. In an oft-quoted passage from the *Critique of Practical Reason*, Kant draws a forcible comparison between the different feelings excited by the contemplation of the starry heavens above and the moral law within.

"In the former," he says, "the first view of a multitude of countless worlds annihilates, as it were, my importance as an animal creation, which, after a brief and incomprehensible endowment with the powers of life, is compelled to refund

its constituent matter to the planet—itself an atom in the universe—on which it grew. The other, on the contrary, immeasurably elevates my worth as an intelligence; and this through my personality, in which the moral law reveals to me a life independent of the animal kingdom, nay, of the whole material world; at least, if it be permitted to infer as much from the regulation of my being exacted by a conformity with that law, which is not restricted by the conditions and limits of this life, but stretches out to eternity." *

It is this conception of a personality wholly distinct from the animal creation, endowed with capacities for the observance of a moral law and a sentient immortality, which has assumed imposing proportions in the literature of the past. Herein lies the clew to a definition. The disturbance of the equation of life by the elimination of the factor of personality is the foundation upon which the pessimism of modern English poetry rests.

The year 1850 has a significance as fixing the date at which the term evolution was first used in a philosophic sense, and therefore very nearly coincides with that of the introduction of pessimism into English poetry. The importance of the theory of evolution can be best appreciated by reflecting upon the rapidity of its growth. Fifty years ago it was a timid and tentative speculation. To-day there is nothing which rises to the dignity of a science, the development of which evolution does not offer to explain. Whether or not evolution rests upon an atheistic conception of the universe, is wholly irrelevant. A single conclusion involved in that theory is, however, eminently pertinent to the present inquiry. The reduction of personality to insignificant proportions is a logical sequence of evolution. In the first place, the attribute of immortality is destroyed, for immortality devoid of a conscious recollection of the past is no immortality at all, according to all the traditional definitions of the word. This conclusion is by no means inconsistent with the theory that none of the elements which compose man is annihilated by death. But the opinion hinted at by Aristotle has received definite confirmation from evolution. Pure reason is forced to admit that all the arguments for a personal immortality apply with equal force to the theory of an ante-natal existence. Then the chilling conclusion must follow that, as there is no recollection of any past state in the present, so there will be none of the present in any future one. The suggestion of Mr. Symonds, that there may be forms of existence of which we know nothing, and in which consciousness of

* The translation is that of Sir William Hamilton.

prior conditions is preserved, is too inexact to be scientific. It finds no commendation in logic, however much it may appeal to inclination.

But evolution has still further dwarfed personality by annulling all capacity for the appreciation of any moral law, thereby destroying all sense of dignity which had heretofore been attached to human conduct. For morality must be conceived of as something very different from convention or natural instinct. That such a deduction is logical, has the support of one who of all men was the most competent to speak on that subject. In his recently published *Life and Letters*, Mr. Darwin has accurately defined the position which he was forced to assume toward the idea of God in the soul of man, and the instinct of immortality, the validity of which is a condition precedent for the existence of a moral law. "With me," he says, in words which, however much they may irritate, must command respect for their fearlessness, "the horrid doubt always arises whether the convictions of man's mind, which has been developed from the mind of the lower animals, are of any value or at all trustworthy. Would any one trust in the convictions of a monkey's mind, if there are any convictions in such a mind?"* No more definite statement could be made of the attitude of evolution toward the principle of personality.

The materialist of stolid temperament, fascinated by the material progress made by the age, finds in this dispiriting consequence of evolution no sufficient ground for pessimism. He points with pride to the efficient protection afforded life and property by society, the nice adjustments of constitutions to individual liberty and happiness, the improved condition of the poor and unfortunate through the agency of a generous philanthropy. But the more sensitive soul of the poet refuses to find comfort in such suggestions. The argument is simply an additional reason for complaint. "Of what use," such a one will exclaim, "is this approximation toward the ideal, when the ideal itself has been lowered from the pedestal of the divine, which it has occupied as far back as tradition runs, and placed on the level of the human? Can increased facilities for personal happiness during an insignificant fraction of time compensate for the loss of dignity which was conferred by an eternal sentient existence? You have overthrown the idols which my race has worshipped in all ages. The mythologies which beautified nature and the philosophies which dig-

* *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, American Edition, Vol. I., page 285.

nified life have been exploded. But 'the riddle of the painful earth' vexes me more and more. You have led me to discard the solution of that riddle offered by the past, and greet with the silence of the sphinx my most persistent interrogations to solve it anew."

Pessimism is clearly susceptible of the division into intellectual and personal. The distinction is founded not upon any difference in origin, but in application. In the one case, it is extended to an intellectual examination of the entire field of phenomena; in the other, it is confined to the more limited area of personal surroundings. The sincerity of intellectual pessimism is viewed with considerable scepticism by a large number of people. Body and raiment are valued so highly that the possession of these, and a fair measure of worldly success, are considered as ample safeguards against the disturbing influences of an intellectual concept. Moreover, Horace Walpole was wrong when he penned that sensational phrase, "The world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." Feelings are in many instances impulsive, and impulses lack permanence. They are conditioned upon environment, and, like a mirror, reflect the hideous and the beautiful, the fair or the foul, with equal exactness. But the tragic is perpetually present to the thinker, who penetrates beneath that superficial area to which feelings are limited. Not in the form of those melodramatic incidents which derive their pathos from the cruelty of external events. The tragic which the thinker is forced to contemplate, is as superior to these as they themselves are superior to their mimic presentation on the stage. It is the tragic in the sense of that inherent instability which is attached to all phenomena. From the despair developed by such a thought the optimist seeks relief in theism, and in attributing a changeless consciousness to personality; whereas the pessimist turns from the contemplation of external nature with a complaint of unmeasured sadness:

> "For the world, which seems
> To lie before us like a land of dreams,
> So various, so beautiful, so new,
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
> And we are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night."

Of intellectual pessimists, Mr. Matthew Arnold is a notable example. A fervent and enthusiastic pupil of Wordsworth, the simi-

larity between disciple and master extends only to those canons of taste which should govern verse, and to what may appropriately constitute its subject. Both advocate the cultivation of naturalism and simplicity of style, and both insist that external nature furnishes an eminently proper theme for the poet. But they diverge widely on philosophical lines. Nature suggests peace to the one, disquiet to the other.

In 1853 Mr. Arnold published *Empedocles on Etna*, in which the author's aim is undoubtedly to exhibit that pessimistic unrest which he regards as the "strange disease of modern life." The view which Mr. Arnold has presented of the character of Empedocles possesses, to a considerable extent, an historical foundation. It was more by his contributions to science than by his productions in verse that Empedocles attracted the attention of his contemporaries. "There is nothing in common between Homer and Empedocles," Aristotle insisted, "except the metre. For it is proper to distinguish the former as a poet, the latter as more of a natural philosopher than a poet." Again, the verse of Empedocles is distempered with that intellectual pessimism which has since attained the dignity of a formal philosophy. In one of the extant fragments there is a complaint of the limitations of empirical knowledge, which time has in no way served to make less despairing. "During the all too brief period of his vexed life, man, predestined to die and vanish like smoke, contending with crudities and bewildered on all sides, places confidence in those phenomena alone which he can verify by sensation. He prays in vain to find the whole [*i. e.*, *noumenon*]. That can be neither seen nor heard by man, nor is it intelligible by mind." This is the phase of the character of Empedocles upon which Mr. Arnold has dwelt. It is the empiricist complaining of the limitations of empirical knowledge, which constitutes the action of the poem.

Personal ills are admitted to have been in no sense the cause of the unquiet mood of Empedocles. Callicles, the young harp-player, insists that external circumstances have nothing to do with the moodiness of the master, and Empedocles speaks of himself as

> "The weary man, the banished citizen—
> Whose banishment is not his greatest ill,
> Whose weariness no energy can reach,
> And for whose hurt courage is not the cure."

This view, that the restlessness of Empedocles is entirely independent of environment, is still further emphasized by the contrast pre-

sented between his character and that of Pausanias. The latter is a physician, and the ardent friend and disciple of the former. For him also "the time is out of joint." But his vexation lacks dignity. It is simply the personal irritation of a conservative old man annoyed at the innovations of the age. But the pessimistic unrest of Empedocles is so impersonal as to command respect. Intellectual pessimism has nowhere attained more majestic proportions than in those dignified lines wherein Empedocles outlines his philosophy to Pausanias. Human wisdom is likened to the fleeting and imperfect glimpses of the universe which might be reflected in a mirror suspended in mid-air and impelled with restless violence through space. In this fragmentary character of knowledge lies the root of all suffering. Man never has known, and never will know, "the single eternal substance which is self-existent and self-complete"— to borrow the strong phrase of Plato. The experience of others can teach him nothing, and equally vain is his own, for he cannot make due allowance for heredity and environment. Prejudices are mistaken for principles. Human life is a contradiction. The implanted instinct for happiness is constantly thwarted by the ignorance which governs volition. Theologies are equally contradictory. In moments of rage men curse God; in fits of more solemn feeling they pray. Theism is, at the best, but a childish effort to soothe the irritating sense of ignorance by the invention of a God to whom omniscience is attributed. Man's soul is diseased with the desire of the impossible, and no one attains that placid content which can alone furnish any approach to happiness.

One of the most exquisite features of the poem is the character of the youth Callicles. He is the ideal Greek in his love of the beautiful and his sensitiveness to the influence of nature. Whatever ills may cloud his life vanish before the lovely vision of morning in the forest region of Etna. The failure of the influences which gladden his heart to restore quiet to Empedocles is an inferential argument for intellectual pessimism. Whosoever would find peace in nature must be content to view her from the standpoint of an artist. To the philosopher, she simply suggests the perpetual flux of all things; the interminable circle of generation and death.

One more feature of this very remarkable poem should be noted: the suicide of Empedocles. It is a paradox, in that the immediate cause is an impulse. There is no stronger or stranger picture in modern poetry than that of this wearied philosopher escaping for a

moment from the inflexible mould of his thoughts, and yielding to the persuasive suggestions of a possible immortality. It is such an emotion, questioned at the time as transitory, which finally conquers his irresolution. He commits suicide, not in the hope of thereby finding relief from his intolerable unrest either in ampler knowledge or absolute annihilation, but from fear lest the passing of this emotion should leave him without any spur to action.

Nor is intellectual pessimism confined to *Empedocles on Etna*. It may be said to be the most striking characteristic of all of Mr. Arnold's poetry. It is, moreover, especially perceptible in those lyrical and elegiac poems which represent pessimism in a subjective light, as a pure mental state. In "Philomela," the saddest story in Greek mythology is made typical of that tangled web of endless passion and pain which the pessimist urges as a definition of life, and which he is convinced will never be unravelled. "Dover Beach" and "Stanzas from the Grand Chartreuse" are threnodies for dead faith. "The Scholar-Gipsy" is a lament for that influence toward serenity which nature once exerted over the soul, but from which the *sæculum realisticum* has disenchanted it. *Switzerland* is the most pessimistic love poem ever written. In its simplicity and directness of language it is a forcible reminder of that exquisite triad by Wordsworth of which Lucy is the theme. But the ordinary occurrence of death is the cause of grief in the one. In the other, the conviction that love is not exempt from the operation of the law of unceasing change, furnishes not the material for cheap cynicism, but attains a place in a sad philosophy.

Less subtile, although more melodramatic, is the application of pessimism to external events, in the narrative poems. The tyranny of circumstances is the unvarying theme. A series of insignificant accidents brings untimely death to Sohrab and fathomless grief to Rustum. In *Balder Dead*, the oversight of Frigga to exact an oath from the mistletoe, leaves love and loyalty at the mercy of hate and cunning. *Tristram and Iseult* is a drama wherein the unconscious philtre, intended to be the minister of happiness, becomes the agent of misery. But of all the poems of this class, *The Sick King in Bokhara* is perhaps the most pessimistic. Here again the influence of Wordsworth is clearly visible in the simplicity of style. Moreover, both disciple and master would have agreed in resenting the suggestion of the vizier, that the tragic death of the Moollah was scarcely worth a thought in view of the misery existent in the world. But

Wordsworth would have considered the dignity conferred on personality, by heroic adherence to what is conceived to be the rule of right, ample compensation for the hardship of external conditions. Mr. Arnold seeks to soften the malice of circumstances by the poor reverence done to senseless dust through a royal burial.

There is a great contrast between Mr. Arnold and Mr. James Thomson. As has been already stated, Mr. Arnold's pessimism is intellectual in its application. That of Mr. Thomson is largely personal. One marked difference in the verse of the two is the logical result of this distinction and is worthy of note. Mr. Arnold's poetry, versatile as it is in form and exquisite in construction, is invariably sombre. To such a thinker there can be no escape from the constant contemplation of the tragic. The "melancholy long withdrawing roar" of the sea of faith deafens the ear to all blither sounds. But Mr. Thomson's poetry is far more versatile in spirit and theme. Pessimism forms by no means the exclusive subject of his verse. There are love poems, *genre* poems, and poems of light and delicate fancy. These, moreover, are not the result of successive moods separated from each other by the lapse of years, but are very nearly contemporaneous in their composition. This apparent contradiction is in no wise urged as any reflection upon the sincerity of Mr. Thomson's pessimism, for it is quite capable of a consistent explanation. Pessimism which is personal in its application, though having the same origin as that which is intellectual, is brought into more intimate contact with the emotional. Such a pessimist is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of external conditions, and may find a temporary forgetfulness under the inspiration of blither emotions, as narcotics deaden the pain which they are powerless to cure.

It was as the author of *The City of Dreadful Night* that Mr. Thomson first attracted attention. This cannot be attributed to the fact that it was an isolated piece of work, for it belongs to a class of poem swhich disclose the imaginative qualities of the author's mind,—poems of an allegorical or mystical nature, always romantic in their temper, and not infrequently romantic in their style. Although allegorical in intent, *The City* * cannot be viewed as a single poem, but rather as a series of twenty-one short poems comprised within

* I would acknowledge the help which I have found toward an appreciative understanding of this poem, in an able review of *The City of Dreadful Night*, by Mr. G. A. Simcox, in the *Fortnightly Review* for July, 1880.

as many cantos, each substantially complete in itself and bearing only a superficial relation to the whole. The last two cantos are separate allegories, and the remainder are divided into descriptions of an imaginary city and short poems of a narrative nature. A regularity is observed in the use of the descriptive and narrative cantos, the one alternating with the other, while an effective mixture of metres avoids anything like a tendency to monotony.

The poem is preceded by a brief proem, which discloses the motive for its composition and the class among whom the author expects to find an audience. The motive is interesting, as furnishing a clew to the character of Mr. Thomson's pessimism. It is frankly admitted to be a fit of bitter rage against the immovable wall of environment. Such a mood is entirely too personal ever to overtake the intellectual pessimist. The broader horizon which he contemplates so dwarfs the immediate circumstances of his own life as to make them incapable of exciting any such irrational emotion. The audience to whom the author appeals are those who are as despairing as himself. The poem is in no wise intended for the hopeful young, the worldly prosperous, or those who cherish a lingering belief in theism; but exclusively for such as are

> "desolate, fate-smitten,
> Whose faith and hope are dead, and who would die."

The descriptive cantos are only superficially allegorical. All the illusion of an imaginary city, which it is the author's purpose to describe, is destroyed by the unequivocal disclosure that its existence is largely subjective. This is, of course, fatal to that air of reality which should invest a genuine allegory. One feature is, however, worthy of especial notice from an artistic point of view. All theatrical effects to convey a sense of desolation have been carefully avoided. The cheap expedient of making the city in ruins, a *mise en scène* so common in painting and poetry, is wisely absent. It is a city with orderly streets, spacious mansions, and well-trimmed lamps. The inference is unmistakable that, in itself, the city is by no means suggestive of desolation. The gloom and silence which mark it at night would fail to make even a fleeting impression upon the young and hopeful. It is only such as are without hope who attribute to the city qualities which by no means intrinsically belong to it. The allegory is further sacrificed to subjectivity by representing the city as regularly disappearing at the approach of dawn. Yet even this

characteristic is finely used to intensify the sense of horror which haunts its streets. Its successive disappearance and recurrence lend it a weird and unnatural reality in the eyes of its citizens. In lines of poignant sadness, Mr. Thomson has graphically sketched that perturbed state of mind, the result of servitude to one master passion, which invests the imaginary with as much reality as the actual, and which M. Théophile Gautier had so powerfully depicted in *La Morte Amoureuse.*

Absolute despair has never been pictured in more forcible verse. Such a mood, Mr. Thomson insists, cannot obtain even the poor refuge of isolation. By a bold stroke of imagination, the sadness, insanity, and despair of these exiles from hope and happiness are represented as infecting the atmosphere of the city, as the breath of patients suffering from contagious diseases might poison the air of a hospital. Volition becomes purely mechanical, and no struggles can avail to obtain permanent release from the tyranny of such a mood. Time, though it brings no abatement of despair, soon causes the first sense of wonder to cease. The soul, "crushed impotent beneath this reign of terror," views the weirdest and strangest sensations with unshaken apathy. Everything contributes toward augmenting the despair of the victim. The memory of all the miseries of the past flaunts before his eyes in the shape of foul phantoms. Time becomes an intolerable burden, the minutes of which are lengthened into years, the hours into centuries, the days into æons. "The River of the Suicides" is the theme of the last of the descriptive cantos. The courage of those who have sought oblivion in its waters is envied. The irresolution of those who have not is pitied. Here, as elsewhere, the certitude of death is praised as the one boon for which man can be grateful.

Not less hopeless is the spirit of the narrative cantos. In the first of this class, the poet is represented as following one of the inhabitants of the city, who is making a "drear pilgrimage to ruined shrines" which suggest unmeasured desolation and despair — the graveyard, where faith perished, unable to outlive the sickening evidences of corruption; the villa, where love was stabbed by sensuality; the hovel, where hope was starved by protracted adversity. The second narrative canto is a monologue, of which the speaker is one who has murdered his mistress in a fit of jealous rage. The action of the poem lies in the representation of that terrible sense of desolation which follows the rude annihilation of a loving faith. Despair

is further augmented by the subsequent revelation that the suspicions which put an end to happiness and content were wholly unfounded. This is by no means an original theme, but Mr. Thomson has fully justified its use by his marvellous treatment. That despair which is so hopeless that accumulated horrors cannot rouse it from its apathy, is pictured in a series of material images alike weird and thrilling. Not less artistic is the allegorical representation of fatal credulity, and the revulsion from despairing hate to despairing remorse. The conviction that pessimism is not conditioned upon environment furnishes the theme for another of the narratives. A warden stationed at the entrance of a cathedral demands from each who enters,

> "Whence come you in the world of life and light
> To this our City of Tremendous Night?"

The answers sufficiently indicate that all vocations and ranks have furnished recruits for the city.

The purpose of the first of the two allegories with which the poem ends is to indicate what Mr. Thomson views as the vain struggle of man with nature. The colossal figure of an angel is represented as on the point of attacking, with upraised sword, a couchant sphinx. By successive changes the angel is transformed into an armed warrior, whose attitude is shifted from one of attack to defence, then an unarmed suppliant, and finally a shattered and shapeless mass of stone at the paws of the monster. It is difficult to conceive of a stronger representation of this phase of Mr. Thomson's pessimism. Faith and reason, it is insisted, have alike been vanquished by nature, and man is destined to become the victim of that force which he once dreamed of subduing.

The final canto is, in many respects, the strongest of all. That fascinating print by Dürer, which he himself labelled "Melancholia," is, by a strong conceit, made the patroness of the city. Her image, fashioned in bronze and of colossal size, is represented as overlooking the city from a level upland. The poetic transcription is spirited and accurate; so exact as to be well-nigh photographic, but preserving all the marvellous action of the print. Variously as the original has been interpreted, there can be no question concerning the interpretation which Mr. Thomson would place upon it. It is made the type of that concept of culture, offered by pessimism as a substitute for personal religion, which Eduard von Hartmann admits has been

"dearly purchased by an overwhelmingly greater amount of sorrow necessarily called into being by the process," and which has for its object "a rational insight into the nullity of existence."

The City amply indicates that the pessimism of Mr. Thomson derives its force from the discredit cast upon what has been heretofore termed the principle of personality in literature. In the narrative of the pilgrimage to ruined shrines, the poet represents himself as sceptically asking the pilgrim if life can survive the death of faith and love and hope. No more tremendous image of the nullification of personality by the destruction of these three active principles could have been invented than that which is contained in the reply:

> "As whom his one intense thought overpowers,
> He answered coldly, 'Take a watch, erase
> The signs and figures of the circling hours,
> Detach the hands, remove the dial-face.
> The works proceed until run down; although
> Bereft of purpose, void of use, still go.'"

The influence of the age is indicated in the connection disclosed between evolution and pessimism. In the narrative which has for its theme the sermon in the cathedral, the preacher urges his congregation to find solace in a biological conception of the universe, which makes theism and personal immortality delusions. One of the auditors, however, fails to find any comfort in such a suggestion. The irony of his position makes him insensible to any other feeling than that of blind and despairing rage. The single instance of conscious life which evolution offers out of the eternal blankness of the past and the eternal blankness of the future, is so limited in duration as to seem a mockery. Death is viewed as an abrupt termination of all capacities for sentient enjoyment. There is a maddening sense of disproportion between the magnificence of endowment and the insignificant opportunity afforded for its enjoyment. The persistent interrogation, *Cui bono?* presents itself to the soul at every turn, and paralyzes action. Nor does Mr. Thomson make any concealment of the fact that his pessimism has an atheistic foundation. In a dialogue which occurs in another of the narrative poems, one of the speakers is represented as attributing the misery existent in the world to the malignity of some personal God. The reply comes in tones of scornful sadness:

> "As if a Being, God or Fiend, could reign,
> At once so wicked, foolish, and insane
> As to produce men when he might refrain!

"The world rolls round forever like a mill;
It grinds out death and life, and good and ill;
It has no purpose, heart, or mind, or will.

"While air of Space and Time's full river flow,
The mill must blindly whirl unresting so;
It may be wearing out, but who can know?

"Man might know one thing were his sight less dim:
That it whirls not to suit his petty whim,
That it is quite indifferent to him.

"Nay, does it treat him harshly as he saith?
It grinds him some slow years of bitter breath,
Then grinds him back into eternal death."

Moreover, by death Mr. Thomson does not mean any agnostic termination of physical life or mystical absorption into some divine substance, but the absolute, unqualified annihilation of consciousness. This thought is suggested over and over again in *The City;* notably in the two narrative poems which have for their respective themes the sermon on evolution and the "River of the Suicides."

In "Vane's Story" pessimism takes a coarse turn. The weary interval between birth and death, it is urged, cannot be more sensibly occupied than with material pleasures, the degree of sensuality of which circumstances should alone regulate. The poem is interesting from an autobiographical point of view, but is decidedly inferior, in conception and treatment, to the major part of Mr. Thomson's work. It is, in addition, spoiled beyond all remedy by flippant jests at Christianity and Christian doctrine, which are neither dignified nor humorous. Although the only poem which advocates sensuality, it is unequivocal in its approbation of such a course. Even posthumous fame, to which few are indifferent, and which Socrates had eulogized in *The Banquet* as almost an equivalent for personal immortality, is made the subject of a sneer in a coarse paraphrase of the epilogue to Heine's *Book of Lazarus.* Material pleasures, coarse and common, which lie within the reach of the poorest drudge, are viewed as far more enviable than that unconscious immortality of which George Eliot sang with such fervor in the lines, "O may I join the choir invisible." Much more dignified is *A Voice from the Nile.* Here Mr. Thomson has followed the example set by Mr. Arnold, and made his pessimism intellectual in its application. The unceasing law of change, the inherent instability of all things, are finely pictured in a brief monologue, of which the River Nile is the speaker.

It is as the author of love poems that the distinction between the pessimism of Mr. Thomson and that of Mr. Arnold can be best detected. The chief charm of a pure passion—and Mr. Thomson has confined himself to the praise of such—lies in a belief in its permanence. Such a belief the intellectual pessimist will never entertain, and all the illusion which it inspires is destroyed by the grim logic that love is, no more than any other phenomenon, exempt from the operation of the law of change. But emotions have far more influence over the personal pessimist, and not unfrequently seal his eyes to the paradox of attributing to love a quality which his creed should teach him it cannot possess. Such, at any rate, seems to be the position of Mr. Thomson. That he was capable of loving strongly and deeply is amply indicated not only by the sad story of his life, but by the unmistakably personal character of many of his earlier love poems. Thorough-going pessimist as he afterward became, he would, under the influence of strong feeling, lapse into an equally ardent glorification of love. *He Heard Her Sing* and *Richard Forest's Midsummer Night*, written in the last year of his life, have for their theme the transforming power of an overmastering passion. The latter is, especially, a genuine addition to the literature of love poetry. It is full of a healthy and pure passion, while the poetical transcriptions of natural scenery are alike spirited and free from all touches of formalism.

The *genre* poems further illustrate this distinction. The conspicuous absence of all sombre qualities indicates the strong influence which emotions exert over the personal pessimist. *Sunday up the River* is a delightful idyl on a homely theme, besides possessing a very important qualification for a successful *genre* poem. There is no loss of dignity incurred in the choice of a subject or its treatment. *Sunday at Hampstead* has a similar theme,—a Londoner's summer Sunday outing. Although marked by considerable originality, it is decidedly inferior to the preceding both in conception and execution. It is also marred by an undignified iteration of the manners and language of Cockaigne, which adds in no wise to its effectiveness, and creates the disagreeable impression that the author is posing as a champion of "the people."

Although not coming strictly within the scope of the present discussion, a word or two may not be out of place concerning some of Mr. Thomson's other work. As has been said above, *The City of Dreadful Night* belongs to a class of poems marked by a highly and,

frequently, weirdly imaginative character. Conspicuous in this class, is that entitled "Insomnia." The horrors of that malady, which has become well-nigh an epidemic, and of which Mr. Thomson was himself a victim, are described in language the intense romanticism of which proves a most effective vehicle for the expression of the author's thought. "Life's Hebe," apart from its intrinsic merits, has a curious interest, in that the moral seems to be that personal choice, and not environment, must be held responsible for individual misery. The "Three That Shall be One" is a fable beautifully told, and suggesting the thought of the eternal circle of generation and death, which subsequently found more complete expression in *A Voice from the Nile*. Of all the poems of this class, "The Naked Goddess" is the least worthy of praise. The purpose of the allegory is obscure, though it is certainly susceptible of the interpretation of being a plea for realism. The verse is brilliant and imaginative, but the poem is marred by a fault which, happily, obtrudes itself only seldom in Mr. Thomson's verse. There is an undignified flippancy in attacking the conventionalities, which, though unquestionably worthless as a foundation for ethics, have a value of their own in encouraging external order and substantially easing the friction of social life. "In the Room" deserves attention quite as much for its originality as for its strong, terse lines. Various articles of furniture are represented as holding a conversation in a deserted chamber, wherein lies the body of a suicide. The tone is pessimistic, but pessimism has never found a more novel form of expression. Nor should mention be omitted of *The Lord of the Castle of Indolence* and *Weddah and Om-El-Bonain*. The former is a delicate and fanciful plea for idleness; the latter, a strong piece of narrative verse, of which the theme is an oriental love tale.

HENRY F-RANDOLPH.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ART.

STATEMENTS are frequently made that there is no American school of art. This is equivalent to saying that we Americans, who are admitted to be remarkably inventive, and to show the fruits of this capacity in science and industry; who think, and observe, and show forth the fruits of thought and observation in literature and science; who study political progress and demonstrate statesmanship; and who possess eminent expositors of religious doctrine,—are yet wanting in the talent or capacity by which to show that we possess æsthetic aspirations of our own, like other nations. The American intellect, according to the framers of, and believers in, such statements, is, as yet, undeveloped in what constitutes a native school of art. A hundred years ago, the country had some artists of talent, but they did little original work; after 1865 a school began to establish itself in the right way, owing to the institutions which have quickened the sentiment of beauty in the nation, coupled with forces which (provided we accept foreign standards of art-culture and foreign methods of manifesting it) will lead us on to a glorious artistic future. There is some warrant for such a view of things, judging by the financial value of foreign art in our country; but to one who does not believe that an original, active, powerful intellect, like the American, can be controlled by foreign experiences, it is, to say the least, one-sided. The observer's perceptions are limited in range. He omits analogies, or is unconscious of them. The American intellect is just as energetic in the direction of art as in any other; the forces which develop the American artistic instinct—for art proceeds from an instinct and is not an acquirement—are coeval with other forces which have produced a peculiar national character, called American; they belong to the same family of forces which led our progenitors to fight battles and to produce able generals, which led them to think and to recognize authors and statesmen, to trade and to encourage commercial enterprise, to sympathize with suffering and to produce philanthropists,—in short, which led to the establishment of factories, schools, tribunals, asylums, universities, churches, and art-institutions, according to the necessities of the hour. The best way to prove this assertion is to furnish the evidence.

The originators and circulators of such statements seem ignorant of a work demonstrating this fact, by an artist and author named William Dunlap. All honor to Dunlap, among American historians! It was once said of him, "There are two things Dunlap can't do—he can't write and he can't paint." But this is calumny, for he did both, to his own credit and for the glory of the country. At all events, he composed a remarkable work, entitled *History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States*, which furnishes irrefragable proof that the American school of art had begun, and had taken the right way, long before 1865. In this work Dunlap gives biographical notices of four hundred and thirty artists, who represent the art of the country from the colonial period down to 1834, the date of the publication of his book. Not all are American artists in a proper sense. To make the most of his subject, Dunlap raked and scraped the highways and byways of local annals, obtaining his information from artists themselves or from persons who contributed facts about them, "to the best of their knowledge and belief." He mentions as artists many who would now be called daubers, or, at best, mere amateurs. He devotes, too, a good many pages to "American" artists who cannot really be styled such—West, Newton, and Leslie, for example, who, though born on the soil, emigrated to England and became, locally and intellectually, artists of that country. Besides these, he includes foreign artists, like Houdon, Ceracchi, and St. Memin, formerly in the country, but only for a short time. But, leaving all these out, the remainder of his biographical notices furnishes a goodly number of genuine American artists, stimulated in their thought and aims by local ideas, consistent with the culture of the epoch, and whose works constitute the foundations of the American school of art.

According to Dunlap, there were seventy-eight artists in the country anterior to and during the Revolution; forty were portrait-painters, the rest being engravers, architects, drawing-teachers, modellers, and one manufacturer of "old masters,"—this last to suit the requirements of that time for fashionable art, for then, as now, the standard of artistic taste was regulated by the judgment of foreign amateurs. Young artists of talent, born on the soil, had to go to Europe to perfect themselves in technical processes, as well as to profit by the superior culture of the Old World, as in the case of Benjamin West. After the Revolution, things improve. The people, now a nation, feel, think, and act for themselves, and begin to express

feeling, thought, and action nationally. Like the Greeks, they employ artists to symbolize and preserve what is precious and peculiar in relation to their private and public experiences. But, unlike the Greeks, art is not left to the State. Individuals procure portraits of themselves, and of members of their families, to gratify domestic sentiment, while the Government, in spite of rigorous utilitarian notions, pays homage to the national artistic interest by ordering portraits of the country's brave defenders, and monuments of its victories. What the Government fails to do for native art, from lack of money or intelligence, is done by private individuals and corporations. Religious sects do not care for æsthetic ideals of faith, but congregations do care for their pastors, and commission portraits of them, which, engraved for general circulation, almost maintain the art of engraving. *Genre* art makes its appearance in a humble, practical way. Original designs, representative of local characters and customs, as well as humorous and allegorical compositions, appear on signs, on banners, on the backs of old-fashioned fire-engines; books are illustrated, and vignettes are engraved on paper-money, which renders counterfeiting more difficult. All this denotes artistic energy, in conformity with the artistic needs of a new society. Whatever the aim of this art may be, it is healthy, logical, and "our own, sirs!"

With the reader's permission, I will place before his "mind's eye" a series of works executed during this period; so that he may judge for himself of the work of our early artists, the conditions under which it was produced, and the nature of the development of the American school.

"The best portraits we have of the eminent magistrates of New England and New York, who lived between 1725 and 1751, are from the pencil of Smybert," says Mr. Verplanck. His name comes first, because, in the colonial period, Smybert's works stimulated the rising generation of artists. He was an English painter, brought to this country by Dean Berkeley.

Copley comes next. Copley cannot, strictly, be called an artist of our school, except early in his career, which he began here, as he was born on the soil. Nevertheless, he painted so many portraits of Americans as to be considered an indispensable figure among national painters. Two of his portraits, in the possession of Mr. Martin Brimmer, of Boston, entitle him to the first rank among painters, to say nothing of subsequent works executed in England.

Next, and greatest of all before or since, comes Gilbert Stuart. At twenty-one years of age Stuart went to England, rather, it would seem, to verify his talent than to perfect it, for he was one of those who are artists by birth, not by training. Remaining in England seventeen years, he returned to the United States in 1793, and there lived for the rest of his life. Stuart appears to have confined himself wholly to portraiture. His leading excellence is "expression, and not feature"; or, in other terms, the soul of an individual, instead of the literal limning of a countenance. No particular method of painting governed his brush. His technical skill may be called intuitive, for his early work was superior to that of most experienced executants. As with the literary style of great original thinkers, Stuart's style in painting constituted him a master at the start. Only a few of his principal portraits need be mentioned here, such as "Washington" and "Mrs. Washington," now in the Boston Museum of Art; "Egbert Benson," in the New York Historical Society; "Judge Stephen Jones," "William Smith, D.D.," "Marquis Casa-Yrugo," "Robert Morris"; of ladies' portraits, "Mrs. Blodgett," "Mrs. Bordley," "Mrs. Miercken," all in Philadelphia; and last, the finest of his works, "W. Grant, of Congalton," a full-length figure skating, now in England, and, when recently exhibited in London, attributed to Gainsborough.

Charles Willson Peale is next in order. His works, talent, career, and character are all peculiarly American. Dunlap, on account of an antipathy to the Peale family, speaks disparagingly of its head. Nevertheless, Charles Willson Peale did good work, although his style is hard and his perceptions are mechanical. Peale was a man of versatile powers, being, as Dunlap says, "saddler, harness-maker, clock-and-watch-maker, silver-smith, painter in oil, crayons, and miniature, modeller in clay, wax, and plaster; he sawed his own ivory for his miniatures, moulded the glasses, and made the shagreen cases; he was a soldier, a legislator, a lecturer, and a preserver of animals—whose deficiencies he supplied by means of glass eyes and artificial limbs; he was a dentist, and a mild, benevolent, and good man." In such a type, we get a glimpse of American pioneer life, the artistic and mechanical, and especially of the inventive capacity peculiar to the young people. Peale painted the portraits of many eminent men of his day, among them Washington, being probably the first artist to whom the Father of his Country gave sittings. A remarkably fine work from his pencil is a full-length portrait of himself.

Patience Wright modelled portraits in wax with great success, while her son, Joseph Wright, distinguished himself in portraiture, having likewise painted Washington and his wife. Robert Fulton, of steamboat renown, was, as Dunlap says, "guilty of painting poor portraits in Philadelphia." Nevertheless, they are important additions to our national school, and not to be omitted in our gallery. Robert Edge Pine, although an Englishman, cannot be passed over on that account, for he was a local painter of talent, and left behind him excellent portraits of eminent Americans, including Washington. "Many of his productions," says the Hon. Joseph Hopkinson, in a letter to Dunlap, "are scattered about in Virginia." Matthew Pratt, a prominent portrait-painter of this period, as we are told in an admirable catalogue of historical portraits compiled by Mr. C. H. Hart, "did not refuse to take orders for pictorial signs, among which the 'Cock in a Barnyard,' on a beer-house in Spruce Street, and the 'Convention of 1787,' on the corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, drew admiring crowds." His best-known work, adds this authority, is a full-length portrait of Cadwallader Colden, in the Chamber of Commerce, New York.

Colonel John Trumbull is an early American artist of decided talent; his work is original, and there is quite enough of it to entitle him to high professional rank, even in our day. Like other young artists of his time, influenced by a superior education and extensive reading, he went to Europe to profit by technical and intellectual resources not to be had at home. In London he became a pupil of West, and afterward visited the Continent. On returning to the United States, he executed several portraits, among which are full-lengths of Hamilton and Washington, the former now in New York, and the latter in New Haven. In addition to these, he executed a remarkable series of cabinet-heads of distinguished men and women of Revolutionary times, now on exhibition in New Haven. Fashion affected, but did not control, his pencil in other directions. Prompted by the "high art" notions of the day, due to a mingling together of art-principles established by devotees to classic and "old master" theories, Trumbull painted a number of classic and Scriptural subjects, but unsuccessfully; his forte lay in historic art, in which he produced masterpieces. "The Battle of Bunker Hill," "The Death of Montgomery," "The Surrender of Cornwallis," and "The Declaration of Independence," now on exhibition in New Haven, painted while many of the actors in the scenes were still living,

form the best possible illustrations of the originality and importance of our national school of art.

John Vanderlyn follows,—another bright light among the founders of the American school. Vanderlyn, finding a liberal patron in Aaron Burr, developed his powers abroad. As far as subjects go, he conformed to the classic taste which still prevailed at that time in France, where he pursued his studies; but his style, true to his own perceptions of nature, remained original. As with other artists of his country, he painted portraits of its distinguished men, including Albert Gallatin, Madison, Monroe, Calhoun, and De Witt Clinton. His two principal works, "Marius Sitting among the Ruins of Carthage" and "Ariadne," the former now in Hartford and the latter in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, suggest no other master than his own imagination and his consciousness of artistic resources. The figure of Ariadne is a recognized triumph of American artistic genius. Besides these works, Vanderlyn painted landscapes and panoramas. His largest canvas, "The Landing of Columbus," executed for the Government, and now on the walls of the Capitol at Washington, done in his declining years, poorly represents his artistic capacity. It was his misfortune to produce works above the comprehension of his contemporaries, and, like all artists on our soil, devoted to the ideal, he labored more for fame than for profit.

Washington Allston, fellow-student and frequent companion of Vanderlyn and Trumbull in Europe, increases the reputation of the American school at this epoch. Both poet and painter, and a man of superior culture and refinement, the profession of an artist obtains through him greater consideration. Allston began his career in his native country, but finished it abroad, as far as his best works go, for the very good reason that he found at home neither patronage nor facilities for study and practice in his favorite line—that of Scriptural subjects. His natural bent was for history; his preference for Scriptural subjects being due to the fashionable worship of "old masters" in the English world of art. Nevertheless, "Uriel in the Sun," "Jacob's Dream," "St. Peter Liberated by the Angel," with others of like aim, executed in England when other fine art was often termed *low*, are works of very high rank. "Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand," sundry portraits and ideal female heads in Boston, together with the designs in outline engraved by Cheney, powerfully represent Allston's genius in other directions.

The foregoing works, executed within fifty years after the Declaration of Independence, prove that the country possessed, during this epoch, artists of ability kindred to that of its soldiers, statesmen, and other representatives of native intellectual energy. Trumbull, Vanderlyn, and Allston may be at least thought of, in their field, though not as we think of Washington and Greene as warriors, Franklin as a scientist and diplomatist, Madison and Livingston as jurists, Morris as a financier, and Cooper as the novelist. In any appreciation of the intellectual development of the country, its early artists cannot be overlooked. But my gallery, which speaks for itself, must tell the story of the progress of American art. Local resources increase after the Revolution, and especially local patronage. No school of art, it must be kept in mind, flourishes without the spontaneous support of the community in which it is born. American art, without Government support and without institutions to foster it, depends on the tastes of individuals, and this taste gives birth to much original work. The only branch of art which obtained real and extensive encouragement was portraiture. If we add to the works already cited those of Malbone, Sully, Neagle, R. Peale, Waldo, Jewett, Metcalf, Rogers, Harding, Inman, Dunlap, Morse, Jocelyn, and many others, we have a complete idea of the progress of our school. Portraits by all these artists, when now encountered, excite admiration and are beginning to be regarded as national treasures. Most of these artists, as Sully, Malbone, Neagle, Inman, and Morse, painted subjects denoting powers of a wider range. Very few of their contemporaries could appreciate them. Mr. Daniel Huntington characterizes the nature of public art patronage at this time, outside of portraiture, in the case of Waldo:

"On beginning to practise portraiture, he eked out a scanty purse by painting signs for hatters, butchers, and tapsters. Some of these pictures of beaver hats with their beautiful gloss, or ribs of beef and fat chickens, or foaming mugs of ale in the hands of jolly topers, swinging in the wind in our boyish days, were the handicraft of Waldo."

It is curious to note that Wilson, the great English landscapist, began his career in like manner, and almost at the same time, in France, Prudhon, the great glory of the French school, first displayed his genius on a hatter's sign, while for a long time he had to earn his bread by designing vignettes for the headings of letters and public documents.

In 1826 a new force arose, in the shape of an institution which

proved very effective in giving "energy and direction to the dormant feeling for beauty in the nation." This was the National Academy of Design, established in New York by artists themselves, for professional advancement, as well as to enlighten the public. Other art-institutions in the country preceded this one, but failed of their purpose through defects in plan and management. The most notable case was the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, established in Philadelphia in 1811, which had, for its directors, "seven lawyers, one carver, two physicians, one auctioneer, one wine-merchant, and one painter." The American Academy of Arts, established a little later in New York, was governed by men of wealth and standing, with only one artist among them, Colonel Trumbull. These men meant well, but, as nowadays with the same class of art-patrons, they did not understand what is most requisite for the development of national art, and their efforts proved fruitless. Were a medical college, or university, or stock exchange, to be organized and managed by rich sea-captains, the principle would be the same. The National Academy of Design proved successful because it started on the right basis. It provided for young aspirants a school, easy of access, in which artists taught. It provided annual exhibitions, in which the public could see a reflex of the nature, human and external, with which it was familiar. Portraits, of course, predominated, but, being more or less well-known faces in the community, they were none the less enjoyable. It furnished fresh matter for the daily press, and, especially, subjects for conversation in evening parties. It paved the way, again, for works growing out of less egoistic sentiments. It brought into notice views of local scenery and other ideals. In any event, the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design proved novel, fashionable, and highly remunerative. All this was natural, healthy, original, and in the right direction. But this "force" did not expend itself in the establishment of the National Academy of Design. Another outcome of it was a private social institution, called the Sketch Club (or XXI., as it was first styled), composed of artists, authors, clergymen, merchants, lawyers, professors, men of leisure and culture, whose quiet influence in behalf of art leavened the whole community. Afterward came the Century Club, where the same spirit produced the same effect, on a still larger scale. The persistent, beneficent influence of these institutions, in arousing the "feeling for beauty in the nation," cannot be over-estimated, nor can it be overlooked.

Eight years later, in 1834, a really important factor in art-progress makes its appearance,—one not hitherto conspicuous,—namely, the spontaneous encouragement of native art by amateurs who are interested in something besides portraits. Portraiture still remains the leading branch of art, but other works have gradually become numerous, such as landscape and incidents of humorous local life. These, exposed to view under favorable conditions, catch the eye of an enthusiastic, broad-minded, liberal amateur, Luman Reed. This gentleman first showed his taste for art by yielding to the fashion for "old masters," which prevailed then, as the fashion for modern foreign art prevails now; only, unlike picture-buyers at the present day, Mr. Reed, on discovering that he was paying "too dear for his whistle," discarded foreign art for art which he understood better. The landscapes and figure-subjects in the National-Academy exhibitions, which attracted his attention, appealed to local intelligence and local sympathies, and he, naturally and generously, encouraged the local artists who produced them. Some idea of the expansion of our school of art may be gathered from the following facts:

Mount appears and, like all beginners, paints Scriptural subjects, not out of religious sentiment, but in accordance with conventional standards of artistic ambition, adopted because one is born in them. But he soon drops such subjects for those which are derived from personal impressions. He lives on Long Island, and leads a jolly life among the odd characters of that primitive region. He sees two men "Bargaining for a Horse," and admirably paints the shrewd spirit of the scene. He sees again a "Barn Scene,"—a group of boys, full of glee, raffling, and the "old man" stealthily approaching, switch in hand, ready to apply it vigorously,—and he transfers it to his canvas. Mr. Reed appreciates these inimitable transcripts of American humor, and purchases them.

Doughty and Cole, groping their way, exhibit views of local scenery which the public enjoy. The public is sufficiently intelligent also to comprehend ideas growing out of political contrasts, and to appreciate Old-World experiences alongside of those of their own society and institutions. Cole expresses to Mr. Reed a desire to paint "The Course of Empire," the phases of which, on an imaginary territory from the beginning of society down to ruin and decay, could be symbolized according to historical occurrences. Five pictures, each displaying the same scene in nature, were to depict successively the savage, or primitive, state of man, his agricultural and

industrial progress, empire in the shape of a vast and splendid city, the destruction of this by war, and, finally, utter ruin and decay; the first scene visible at daylight, the second in the forenoon, the third under the glare of a meridian sun, illuminating magnificent architecture and a civic procession, the fourth with an afternoon tempest sweeping over the city, which is being sacked by barbarian invaders, and the fifth the evening aspect of desolation, represented by ruins of architecture under moonlight. Mr. Reed at once commissioned Cole to paint the series at his own price. It proved popular, and now stands a monument both of the artist's genius and of an intelligent appreciation of it. It make no difference whether such art is allegorical or literary: the ideas it presents are poetic and powerfully rendered, and, therefore, original productions, creditable to the school to which they belong.

Durand, likewise, began his career as a painter with Scriptural subjects, in which the public took no interest. The public, however, was interested in the works of Diedrich Knickerbocker, and Mr. Reed commissioned him to paint the "The Wrath of Peter Stuyvesant," with a composition of kindred domestic interest, called "The Pedler."

George W. Flagg, a young man, showed remarkable talent for historic art; Mr. Reed sent him abroad, paid his expenses, and bought his works. At this time Mr. Reed built, in New York, what was considered one of the finest houses of the day. The upper story was set apart for a gallery, the doors of which he employed Cole, Durand, Mount, and Flagg to decorate. In this gallery Mr. Reed hung his acquisitions, and gave to those interested the privilege of seeing them one day in the week. Scarcely, however, was he installed in his new dwelling when he died, at the early age of fifty-two, leaving unfulfilled many intentions in behalf of American art and artists. On the settlement of his estate, his collection was bought, through a subscription of his friends, to serve as the foundation of a New York Gallery of the Fine Arts. The institution was organized, but, failing to pay expenses, its collection was handed over for preservation to the New York Historical Society. There it now is, awaiting money and friends to give it suitable exhibition, and to continue the work of the noble and generous man, of whom it is a lasting monument.

Let us trace further the effect of Mr. Reed's action as giving "direction to the dormant feeling for beauty in the nation." Because of the success of "The Course of Empire," Cole was commissioned

by Mr. Samuel Ward to paint another series, depicting, under landscape treatment, allegoric conceptions of the infancy, youth, maturity, and old age of man,—a work appealing to religious sentiment, and one which proved equally successful with the former series. Again, Mr. Stuyvesant commissioned two landscapes, called "Departure" and "Return," mediæval subjects inspired by, and responding to, the interest in the Middle Ages excited by Walter Scott in the minds of his American readers; and two ideal compositions, "The Past" and "The Present," now in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. Through the impetus of Mr. Reed's sympathy and encouragement, Durand was enabled to develop his taste for historical art in "The Capture of Major André," "The Dance on the Battery," and "Hendrick Hudson and Rip Van Winkle," inspired by Irving; followed by allegorical or local landscapes, like "Thanatopsis," inspired by Bryant; and "Forest Scenes," inspired by his own experiences and studies, including pictorial idyls of American life, such as "An Old Man's Reminiscences" and "Sunday Morning." Mount, in the rest of his short life, continued, under the same impetus, to produce, in his humorous vein, "Nooning," in which a group of American field-hands are seen taking a mid-day rest, "The Power of Music," representing the charm of a violin to the ear of a negro, and other compositions of like import.

These works, denoting a new departure of the American school, must be added to the mental gallery which I have placed before the reader. Mr. Reed, in short, made American art fashionable. A crowd of amateurs, following in his footsteps, sprang up on all sides. Messrs. Jonathan Sturges, C. M. Leupp, A. M. Cozzens, R. M. Olyphant, M. O. Roberts, and others, in New York, formed large private galleries, almost wholly filled with American art, while other amateurs in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Cincinnati largely followed the example thus set, and still others, of lesser wealth, purchased single works to an extraordinary extent. It was this impulse which produced the American Art-Union, an institution distributing throughout the country thousands of works of American art, which, if the titles were given, would swell our mental gallery to immense proportions. Let the reader bear in mind that all this took place before 1865.

Yet once more, under the same impulse, R. W. Weir produced many admirable landscapes, portraits, and figure subjects, including his great work "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims." Inman alter-

nated portraits and figure-subjects, including "The Newsboy," and "Mumble-the-Peg;" Chapman painted "Washington's Home at Mount Vernon," and sundry historical subjects; Ingham, female ideal heads, and Page, remarkable portraits,—all denoting variety, of sentiment, or, in other words, the poetry of local life, history, and scenery, which, in art, constitutes the true foundation of a national school.

All this art, from the Revolution down, started, in my opinion, in the right way, and pursued a logical path. But I have not advanced all the facts which prove the existence of an American school long before 1865. The most important evidence of this still remains to be given. The artists of Revolutionary times, with no resources, those of 1826, when the National Academy of Design arose, and those of 1834, who enjoyed the advantage of Mr. Reed's encouragement, prepared the way for the next generation, which has nobly maintained, as well as advanced, the character and fair fame of the American school. I have only to mention names hap-hazard to suggest excellent original works, the titles of which, if given, would fill every page of this REVIEW—Huntington, Gray, Cheney, Casilear, Kensett, Darley, Rossiter, Baker, Church, Elliott, Bierstadt, Gifford, Whittredge, McEntee, William Hart, James Hart, Lambdin, David Johnson, Hubbard, Colman, Mignot, Hotchkiss, Woodville, Leutze, F. B. Mayer, Eastman Johnson. If, when Dunlap wrote in 1834, four hundred and thirty artists could be named as constituting the native artistic corps, there were thousands in 1865, and many thousands more of their works. I have said nothing of other departments of our school,—of sculpture, represented by the works of Greenough, Crawford, Powers, Rogers, Bartholomew, Ives, Ball, Brown, Palmer, and the rest; nor of engraving, represented by the works of Edwin, Danforth, Cheney, Smillie, Jones, and Schaff, equally conspicuous with the painters. Enough has been advanced to prove that, in assigning 1865 as the year in which the American school of art started in the right way, there is at least an error of judgment.

J. DURAND.

CAMELIA RICARDO.

CAMELIA RICARDO was a belle in her set.

If you had seen a picture of her fair face, separated from its surroundings, you would have said she might have been a belle in any set; that is, if soft black eyes, cheeks like damask roses, hair long, black, and braided, and lips made up of rosy curves, go to constitute that feminine attraction commonly so called. Taken with the limitations of a most circumscribed environment, however, her possibilities of "belledom" narrow down to a single set; and that this "set" was rather far down in the social scale, we perceive at a glance by the very tokens that augment both her attractiveness and her opportunities within this limited circle.

Could anything be more picturesque than her unconsciously æsthetic dress of red merino, shrunken through constant washing to undue shortness of waist, and lengthened, regardless of aught save modesty, by a flowered flounce of antique design, while about her neck gleamed the gaudy colors of a brilliant green-and-red figured cotton kerchief? Could anything be more piquant than her ever-changing attitudes, each expressive of some vivacious emotion and each a marvel of uncultured grace? At a distance of several feet to left, to right, and above her, hung, in artistic alternation, orange-branches fruit-laden, pineapples, bananas, plantains, cocoanuts, and every fruit that lends itself to suspension by stem or hair; while beneath these lay, stacked on shelves in pyramids or ranged after the fashion of mosaics in conventional designs, a tropical profusion of the smaller fruits.

The fruit-stand was hers, and she was belle—of the French Market.

The elaborate decoration of her stall—the prettiest in all the market—was her own handiwork, and if you said one day that the arrangement was perfect, on the morrow you would think it plain, in contrast with the new design of the morning.

And she was smart! Ask the butchers in the market or try to take advantage of her in a trade! She would sell to half a dozen customers at once, giving each his correct change, while she smiled

on a seventh; and no one of them all passed on without receiving a two-fold favor, *lagniappe* and a smile, either of which would insure his return. If you but stopped to look at her oranges, she threw two or three into a dainty paper sack and put it confidingly into your hands, while the pretty lips said—in a voice as musical as an ideal "tra-la!"—"Fi' cen'!" (five cents).

Did you hesitate, another orange was recklessly dropped in and the same voice said "*lagniappe*" in two more music notes and with an air that seemed to say, "Since it's you!" You bought the oranges, of course; or, if you didn't, the man behind you did, and so,—what was the difference?

Diagonally across from Camelia's stand was that of a young Sicilian, Immanuel Prebasco by name, known throughout the market as "Dago 'Manuel," to distinguish him from a fellow-countryman of the same name, who "would fight any man who called him a Dago." This one was an "Italian bawn," he would have you know, and would "tich-a you weeth-a wan *blague eye* who you call-a wan-a Dago!"—as he was wont to say upon provocation; and his sturdy fist, raised menacingly, gave emphasis to his threat.

The other 'Manuel was not so proud. He often said, with amiable philosophy: "When some*body* call-a me wan-a Dago, s'pos-a I break-a he's head,—wad's the differend? I am wan-a Dago, all-a same!" And his lounging attitude, as he yawned and stretched himself, exemplified with equal truth the genuineness of his sentiment.

Dago 'Manuel's one strong point was his love for Camelia. She was his vision of the night, his day-dream; and, unfortunately, half his days were spent in dreaming, for his business partook of the gentle spirit of his philosophy. It was comfortable, but it was slow; and, needless to say, 'Manuel was lazy. Basking in the sunlight of accidental propinquity, he lived happy days in gazing fondly upon the materialization of the image of his dreams, and took no thought for the morrow. Camelia was near him, and it was enough. He could even talk over the heads of her customers to her, *when she had time to listen*, for, it must be understood, she was a woman of business.

"Loan-a me wan-a bunch-a banana, 'Manu*el!*" she called out to him one morning. "I am all-a sell oud!"

"Take-a my whole shorp!" he answered, and, lowering his tone as he hung his best bunch up in her stall for her, he continued, tapping the bosom of his checked-flannel shirt: "Take-a the boss too, eh, Camelia?"

"Whad I wan' weeth-a you, 'Manu*el?*"

He leaned against the end of her stall on his folded arms, getting his handsome face very near hers, as he answered: "I lorv-a you! Tha's not-a good rizzen fo' mague you wan' me, eh, Camelia?"

She stepped aside to serve a customer, but was soon back again. It was late and the morning rush was over.

"'Manu*el*, I wan'-a ass-a you sometheen," said she. "You theen thaz a good-a rizzen fo' me to marry weeth-a you?"

"'S the *bez* rizzen, Camelia!"

Another customer came and went, buying more of the borrowed bananas, but Camelia had soon resumed her place. The subject seemed not very distasteful to her.

"You say thaz the *bez rizzen*, eh, 'Manu*el?* If thaz the bez rizzen, then I muz-a ged marry weeth-a boud twenny-fi' young mans. Every wan mague me thad *sem rizzen!*"

She shrugged her shoulders and laughed; but 'Manuel frowned visibly and straightened himself, as he replied: "Thing you god-a mo' senz, blif everytheen all-a them fool-a mans tell-a you, Camelia. God-a no business tell-a you sometheen ligue thad!"

"Ees thad so, 'Manu*el?* You theen thad business ees just-a fo' you, eh?" And she ran off, laughing, to meet a crowd of buyers; and the coquette was for the moment merged into the keen little woman of trade.

'Manuel was out of spirit. He strolled moodily across to his own stall, hesitated in front of it, then, languidly selecting a specked apple from a picayune pile, threw it, with indolent force that told of reserve strength, across the levee. It rolled and bumped and bounced along the wharf until suddenly, disappearing in a hole in a broken plank, it fell into the river below. Another followed, and another, all sharing the same fate.

"Throw-a yo' prorfit in the riv' poody straight, eh, 'Manu*el?*" said a neighbor Dago, by way of pleasantry.

"'Manuel ees-a good-a short, yas! Keel every time-a! Blif 'e ged mo' ridger shoot-a dork 'n sell-a banana," another added, laughing.

Manuel was in no mood for retort. Folding his arms, he strolled leisurely around to the opposite side of his stall, abstractedly rearranged a row of pyramids of black-edged bananas, and finally, drawing out from under the lowest shelf a box of lemons, he seated himself astride its extreme end so that its contents were beneath his hands; and now, taking their stained wrappers from the decaying

lemons, he proceeded deliberately to re-wrap them in fresh papers. It was the work of an hour, during which time he rose occasionally, exchanged a pile of bananas for a nickel, and returned moodily to his task.

Finally, having finished, he rose, pushed the box back with his foot, and calling to a neighbor, "Mine-a my shorp for-a me!" he strolled through the market and seated himself on the last of a row of stools at a coffee-counter.

It was near noon on Sunday morning. The half-past eleven-o'clock bell had rung nearly half an hour ago. Butchers on all sides were scraping stalls, opening ice-boxes, and packing up, preparatory to leaving when the noon gong should sound its command. A few who did not care to wait for the chance custom of tardy marketers, had already closed their shops and were hurrying away.

Camelia had cleared and boxed in the lower shelves of her stall, and piled the remaining fruit on the top, intending to go home as soon as her little brother should come to take charge. She sat now with a wooden cigar-box, her "cash drawer," open upon her lap, while she hastily counted the receipts of the morning.

"Severty-fi', eighdy, eighdy-fi'," she counted aloud, as she added nickels to the sixth dollar of fractional coins that lay in her red-merino lap. She was so intent on counting that she seemed not to notice that a man had seated himself at her side. When at last she did look up, however, it was evident from her unchanged expression that the man was no stranger.

"I thing, me, yo' lill han' is too pritty fo' coun' money, Camelia," he said; "'twas nod made fo' thad."

"Tague-a yo' han' a-way, M'sieu François! I show you terregly for-a wad my han' ees mague!" and she raised her hand threateningly. "You mague me *fo'*gid all-a my cound," she fretfully added.

"I know yo' coun', lill gal, five dolla' an' eighty-five cen'. I mague, me, deze mornin', nine'y cen' more as you, on nutting bud mutton chorp. Altogedder, deze week, mague 'ondred an' twenny-five dollah cleah prorvit." And he rattled the silver contents of a little white canvas bag and laid it at her side.

"I theen-a you muz-a be gedd'n verra reech-a, M'sieu François."

"I got 'nough, theng God!" he answered, and then added, tenderly, "Got 'nough *fo' two*, Camelia! Wad you say?"

"Well, of coze I say geev-a me wan-a 'alf," and she playfully laid her hand on the canvas bag.

His head bent lower.

"You can 'ave 'alf, lill Camelia! H'only the 'alf wad you tague muz draw wan prize, an' you muz 'ave to tague the prize ad the sem tam!"

Camelia seemed very obtuse. "Tha's-a mo' bedder yed. *W'as-a* the prize, M'sieu François?"

The Creole rose and looked about him. There was no one near. He made a profound bow, and, with his hand pressed against his breast, said impressively: "François Leboeuf, ghrade-ghran'son of Alphonse Leboeuf, wad 'ave that sem stan' in the Frenge Moggit wen General Jackson fighd wid doze cotton-bale, *h'offer 'imselve to you!*"

"Wad I god-a do weeth-a Genera' Jackso'?" she answered, pettishly.

"N-u-t-t-i-n-g! I h'only wan let you know *oo eet ees* wad' wan' marry wid you."

"Of coze, M'sieu François, I know you ees wan-a gread man! I know you ees the fines'-a man een the Frenge-a Mogged, bud,—— M'sieu François, you know some-a-theen?"

"Wad ees thad, lill Camelia?"

"You don'd-a *sude me*, M'sieu François!"

The Creole was furious. "Thaz all you god-a say to Jean François Leboeuf, wad 'ave so far *fo*gid ees phride to h'ass you marry wid eem?"

"Thaz all, M'sieu François. Thaz-a the only rizzen I won' marry weeth-a you. 'F I thoughd you would-a sude me, I would just-a soon marry weeth-a you 's weeth-a some orther mans."

Her tone was gentle, apologetic, humiliating.

"Thing wad you say! 'Tis yo laz chanze, Camelia! The ghrade-ghran'son of Alphonse Leboeuf *don' wan' be fool wid, no!*"

"I don'-a fool weeth-a you, M'sieu François. 'F I thoughd you would-a sude-a me, I wou'n care northeen 'boud-a Genera' Jackso' an' doze cotto'-bale wad fighd weeth-a heem. Would marry weeth-a you all-a same."

"Sacra—— Wad the dev'! Wad you talk aboud, Camelia? General Jackson an' doze cotton-bale *'ave nutting to do wid me!*"

"Then for-a wad ees you spik aboud them every time you ass-a me marry weeth-a you?"

"'Tis my phride! H'all doze Chreole of the family of Leboeuf 'ave ghread phride."

Camelia rose, tied her hat-strings, and, in the most unemotional way possible, said: "My money ees all-a cound, M'sieu François, an' my brorther ees-a come. Goo'-bye!" and, quietly turning away, she left him,—left Jean François Leboeuf, the richest butcher in the market, standing, in the midst of his harangue, as she would hardly have left the humblest suitor,—left him rejected, dejected, indignant.

He stood gazing after her a moment, muttered something about "the dev'," but finally, recovering himself, he shrugged his shoulders and laughed—actually laughed, as he drew from his breast-pocket a package of cigarettes, lit a match with one stroke down the side of his trousers, puffed once, twice, and walked off.

Besides being the richest, François was also the handsomest butcher in all the market. Tall, dashing, heavily mustached, and be-diamonded, he was as thoroughly lionized in his set as—an English cotton-buyer or a popular leader of the german in another. "Monsieur François" seemed to his admiring neighbors to have all the elegancies of a man of the world. He threw into the open basket of the Sister of Charity who paused at his stall on her daily rounds, cutlets that would have sold for much, with a reckless nonchalance that must have delighted the ghost of his "ghrade-gran'-fodder," and made his soul repose in peaceful pride. Men who have grandfathers of whom they are proud, should always give to the poor with a loftiness of mien that makes the gift seem to reach back through generations of bounty. Monsieur François realized this, and, in a different way, the Sister of Charity realized it too from her opposite standpoint, in the less blessed office of receiving. She, at least, realized something which made her smile very appreciatively and bow very low, as she did not smile and bow to the rest of the butchers. Whether it was the presence of greatness which she perceived in the oft-resurrected *grandpère*, at which she smiled, as does the babe who sees an angel in its sleep, or whether she was sordid and earthly enough in her heavenly vestments to defer thus to the greater quantity and better quality of the alms, we cannot say. The thing visible was more meat, more smiles—but let us not judge. Monsieur François's rôle in it all was that of My Lord Bountiful, and it was becoming to him.

There were other aristocratic points, too, about Monsieur François. For one thing, he lived in his own house, an inherited home, and—his sisters played the piano. No firemen's ball or Sunday picnic of the French quarter, that thought much of itself, was *en règle*

without his name on one or two of its important committees. Those of his *confrères* of the market who enjoyed the honor of knowing him socially, considered him somewhat incomplete as to appearance without a badge of some such distinction on his breast.

Camelia Ricardo was not in his set. She lived humbly, very humbly, in a lowly-squatting, heavily-shedded oyster-shop, near the market. Its two windows, one of which was nailed up for the accommodation of inside shelves, looked out from under the shed roof like a scowling face, with a pair of bad eyes, beneath a low, receding forehead. It seemed to bear a family resemblance to the Ricardo *père*, who was one-eyed, dark, and grim.

Besides selling oysters and fruit at home, Nicholas Ricardo peddled vegetables and small fruits from his wagon through the streets, but there was a pathetic languor about all he did. It was pathetic in its opposition to anything like enterprise, in its contempt of success. You caught it in the minor key in which he drawled out: "Swee' po-ta-ders—ten—cen'—a—buck-e-e-t;" in the slow rickety movement of his unwashed wagon-wheels; in the sunburnt, unkempt coat and mane of his uncurried pony.

Camelia had the energy as well as the beauty of the family, and since she had gone into the market as bread-winner, they were seeing better days. Still they were poor. Their front room, festooned with strings of garlic and pepper-pods, and furnished with counter and shelves, was shop, restaurant, and parlor combined. The corners of its floor were filled with piles of onions and potatoes, and as you approached its one door, you were greeted with the smell of garlic. It was like the father's breath. Outside the door was the fruit-stand, and here, tending shop, while her father took his *siesta*, Camelia spent her afternoons. If sales were slow, and they generally were, she filled the intervals industriously, knitting the broad cotton lace that adorned the Sunday frocks of the entire family feminine—her mother, self, and five little sisters.

Every one in the market knew that François was not the least ardent of Camelia's suitors, and he was pronounced her "bez chanze" by all. There was that in the manner of this eligible *parti*, however, which offended Camelia: it was a lack of deference. She could have defined it in no better way than she expressed it to himself, when she said, "You don'd-a sude me."

He *did not* suit her. Dago 'Manuel, on the contrary, was all respectful devotion. He worshipped her. The day after her rejec-

tion of François, 'Manuel came and talked to her again. He hated the Creole as only those who love can hate.

"Seem to me, Camelia, thad-a fool Creole 's god plenny cheek, yas,—talk every day weeth-a you," said he, when for the first time that morning he found her at leisure.

He had strolled across to her, as was his wont, and stood now lazily pressing the blade of his penknife in and out of its handle against the end of her stall. He spoke with marked indirectness, gazing into space,—an uncultured way of approaching an embarrassing subject by an assumption of carelessness.

Camelia took the cue. She could be indifferent, too. Seizing an improvised dust-brush,—a bunch of turkey-tail feathers, tied together,—she began in nonchalant manner to dust the top rows of fruit, while she replied:

"'S-a very nize young man, 'Manu*el*. 'S-a very ridge-a."

'Manuel lifted his glance from space and focused it directly into her face as he said: "Ridges don' mague some*body* 'appy, Camelia!"

She stopped dusting, folded her arms, and, tapping her left shoulder nervously with the brush, said slowly: "Know sometheen, 'Manu*el?* Thad-a man wa's goin'-a ged marry weeth-a me, 's god-a mague plenny money, yas!"

She even ventured to look into his face, as she added: "I am *ti*', me, of bein' po'!"

'Manuel was almost savage now as he asked: "You goin' marry weeth-a François, Camelia? Don' fool weeth-a me!"

She dusted her own skirt-front abstractedly with the turkey-tails as she answered with naïve coyness: "'S god-a nize houze, 'Manu*el!* Sez to me, sez, 'Camelia, I goin'-a geeve-a you wan-a fine piano.'"

"Piano! Holy Sain'! Wad you goin'-a do weeth-a wan piano, Camelia?"

She laughed. It *was* ridiculous. Dropping the duster on the shelf, she raised both hands and looked at them, turning them over, showing now their dimpled brown knuckles and now the red palms.

"Sez to me, sez, 'Camelia, yo lill-a han' ees too pritty fo' coun' money. 'S just-a nize fo' diamon' ring an' a play piano.'"

'Manuel scowled. "'F 'e say some-a-theen ligue thad to you 'gain, 'm goin'-a *kill 'im!* 'S god-a no business loog ad yo' han.'"

She had gone far enough. With a pretty movement, she lay her right hand close beside 'Manuel's, that rested its dark length now on the edge of her stall. His looked ugly, sinewy, masculine, *strong*,

against the plump little one beside it. She held it there a moment in silence; then, regarding 'Manuel with a strange, half-serious air, she said:

"Thing yo han' loog-a mo' stronger than-a mine, 'Manu*el;* bud thing mine mague-a mo' money than-a yoze."

'Manu*el* made no reply, and she continued: "Seem to me 'Manu*el, thad* han' muz-a nod egspeg *theze-a wan* to work for a-heem!"

"Fo' God's sague! Wad-a you talk, Camelia? Theez-a han's willin'-a work fo' thad-a wan! Tol' eem so, tousan' o' time!"

There was silence for a moment. Finally Camelia spoke again. "Wen *thad*-a han' beat *theze-a wan* mague-a money, *can 'ave it!*"

Then, laughing and blushing as if she had said too much, she ran off to the other end of her stall. But 'Manuel had caught her serious tone. He followed her with eager eyes, as one dazed, for a moment; then crossed over to his own stand.

Later that day François came again and talked with Camelia. He was in love with the beautiful girl, and, besides, her indifference piqued, while it surprised, him. Camelia, nervous and excited over the thing she had just said to 'Manuel, now flirted recklessly with the Creole.

'Manuel looked at them, and saw, but did not perceive, them. His heart was too full of new sensations to admit a jealous pang. There comes a time to most of us,—and woe to him to whom it never comes—when we first seem to meet our *Selves*, face to face; when we are humiliated and confused by the contrast between this real self and the ideal self that had made us self-respecting. In our consciousness of endogenous growth, from the heart outward, we had felt sure of our development, for had not our hearts gone out of us with each uplifting aspiration? As the banana-stalk, conscious only of the perfect leaf sent Heavenward from its heart, is shocked when it beholds its garment of rags mirrored in the stream, so we, in this first startling interview with self, are chagrined at the ultimatum of our heart's best impulses. We blush to see that they had scarcely risen above our heads before they were riddled by the first passing breeze, and the ideal character in which we fancied ourselves clothed, is but a wind-riddled, rusty fringe of broken resolutions.

'Manuel had no formulated standards. He had not so much as a vague conception of an ideal, and in this first moment of self-consciousness,—of real living,—he could not have given his experience a

name. He only knew suddenly that he was a lazy, miserable, good-for-nothing dreamer, and he did not know this quite clearly; yet this knowledge, imperfect as it was, this picture, darkly seen, of his real self, was quickly offset by another,—a *possible self*—the self whose manliness Camelia had challenged; and thus, from his first introspection, began to evolve his first ideal,—an ideal with strength corresponding to the weakness which he saw in the real picture.

He sat with his back to the market, facing the river, and there was a strange new look in his classic face. He held his strong right hand out before him, opening and closing it with such force as to bring all its powerful muscles into play. Then he stretched out his long sinewy leg, doubled his fist and struck his hard, muscular thigh, as he said between his clenched teeth:

"My God! My God! The dev' ain' got no shame! 'F I was a *man*, I wou'n-a had-a face to lorv' 'er! Gred, big, lazy loafer! Wad for some*body* ain'-a *kill* me? My God! I swea',—yas, I swea' *am a man!*"

Then he suddenly rose to his feet, and, looking neither to right nor to left, walked out on the wharf toward the river, leaving his fruit-stand without guard. He was living his first joyous birth-moment of spiritual life—the life that was stirred within him by one glimpse of a woman's love! What were material values in a moment like this,—the loss of a customer more or less? Camelia loved him—loved him as he was—for what he might be.

He continued his walk until he reached the river's edge and there stood, looking down upon the deep eddying water and seeing nothing. He recalled Camelia's words; saw again the love-look that had risen unbidden to her eyes in one unguarded moment; saw the little hand that lay beside his; heard again her challenge, her promise! Tears rose to his eyes. "I swea'—I swea'! 'Fore God, I swea'!" These were his only spoken words.

He lingered a long time at the water's edge; when he returned to the market, Camelia had gone, and he, too, gathered up his fruit and went home.

Next day 'Manuel did not appear in the market, and on the next his stall was empty. He had come in the evening with Raphael, his young cousin, a lad of thirteen years, and taken away all his remaining stock in trade. He had made no explanations. He lived "away up in Bouligny," several miles above the market, and his coming or

going was not deemed of sufficient importance to warrant a journey of inquiry thither, though there were surmises in regard to his absence, and jests—enough of them. Days passed, and yet he did not come, and everybody laughed and looked at Camelia. François waxed especially facetious over it, and one morning he perpetrated a joke at the expense of the absent, which caused no little merriment and threw Camelia somewhat off her guard. Improvising a placard from the top of an old pasteboard box, he hung it over the deserted stall. It bore these words: "*Cloze for repare.*"

Camelia could not read the words, but she caught their spirit of ridicule, and the sign had hardly been swung when she climbed up, tore it down, and threw it—in the Creole's face! Then, without a word, she turned and went to her own stall. This exhibition of loyalty to 'Manuel was taken as a betrayal of tender sentiment, and the little crowd that had gathered about François, looked at each other with surprised glances, amid such exclamations as:

"O—ho!"

"Spunky lill gal, yas!"

"That's what' the matter, eh?"

And one facetious young butcher touched François under the ribs and said: "Might 's well give up, young man! B'lieve you got no chance."

But no one asked Camelia any more questions about 'Manuel. Camelia wondered, as did every one else, as to the cause of his absence, but she concealed her anxiety so well that every one thought she knew.

'Manuel lived in a small corner hovel up in the sixth district and kept, like most of his countrymen, a little fruit and oyster-shop. Raphael tended shop during the mornings, while 'Manuel sold in the market; and in the afternoons, while 'Manuel took charge, the boy hawked the perishable wares through the streets.

The first few days that 'Manuel spent at home were passed in deep thought. He had sworn an oath, sworn it with all the strength of his resurrected manhood, and he swore it again twenty times a day, as the memory of Camelia's little hand beside his own, and of the one brief glimpse into her heart that her womanly words had given him, recurred to him. He would prove himself worthy in the one material way in which he had been lacking. He would make money *like a man*, and Camelia should use it—like a woman, yes, *like a lady!* And he would begin *now*. He walked up and down,

up and down his little shop,—out through the narrow, dirty back-yard, between piles of empty barrels and boxes—thinking, thinking.

It is easy to swear. Ah, and when one is filled heart and soul with an indomitable *will*, it is easy *to do*. The question in 'Manuel's mind now was only "How?" He looked about him, upon the picture of waste and dirt, as at a blank wall. There seemed no answer to his demand for success in the dilapidated piles of lumber, in the paltry stock of over-ripe, decaying fruit, in the inquiring face of the dependent boy at his side.

But to him who intelligently says "I will!" and persistently tries, success is *sure to come*, for the very concentration of force required to take and hold this position guarantees the ability to do. Thus, soon, under the force of 'Manuel's resolve, the elements of failure round about him began to rearrange themselves, and the combination assumed, vaguely at first, the form of a new word—Success.

And the first letter of the new word was wrought in cleanliness. Load after load of trash was carted away from 'Manuel's back-yard, to make way for a new guest, whose name was Thrift. 'Manuel had formulated his plan, and found relief in the labor it involved. All day long he worked in his little yard with the plane and saw; and soon disreputable-looking contributions of the old lumber-pile began to shine beneath his hand as fresh planks; presently they were adorned with points and scallops. Before a week had passed, there stood in his back-yard a handsome set of shelves in pyramidal form. It was twice as large as his present stand in the market, and from its top arose a canopy, spreading, umbrella-fashion, over the whole, and the canopy was bordered with points and scallops, the embroidered planks of the lumber-pile.

Then came the painting—green, and white and red, Italy's own colors. The red, too, was the tint of Camelia's cheek, the white was the ivory of her teeth, and the green was the hue of the kerchief that lay about her neck—and 'Manuel was satisfied.

Raphael had assisted 'Manuel as he could; and while they worked, the two were frequently in close conversation. 'Manuel was often emphatic, always serious, but Raphael would frequently shake his head and scream with laughter. He was a beautiful boy and his life of trade had made him shrewd and quick. If 'Manuel had possessed his young cousin's energy, things might have progressed more smoothly between him and Camelia from the first.

Finally the work of art—and love—was finished. At midnight

'Manuel and Raphael put it on a wagon and took it down to the market, and when the sun rose across the river, its beams fell on a structure, the like of which had never been seen in the place; and 'Manuel was not there to explain. He and Raphael had packed the *débris* of the old stall into the wagon and carried it away, before day.

The sudden appearance of a marble front on Fifth Avenue would hardly cause more consternation in the world of fashion than did Dago 'Manuel's new fruit-stand, in the body social of the French Market on that memorable morning. The sausage-women tapped each other on the shoulders and whispered. The butchers walked around it, examined, criticised, and laughed, but all acknowledged that it was "Dog-gone poody!" If they were astonished at the sudden erection of the structure, they were utterly confounded the next morning, when its shelves were tastily decorated with evergreens and furnished with fruits, and a pretty girl took her place before it, and began singing in her soft Italian voice, "Cheap-a banana! 'S-a very nize apples!" over and over again.

Buyers were attracted, as well as neighboring competitors; and the little saleswoman, and 'Manuel, who had appeared during the morning, were both kept busy until the bell rang for closing.

Day after day 'Manuel and his pretty clerk came, and the business grew. 'Manuel was polite to Camelia always, but he was too busy now for much neighborly courtesy. He had introduced the "young lady" as "Miss Marie Cantero," his "saleslady," but had vouchsafed to no one, not even to Camelia, any explanation further than this,—and she was too proud to ask him. As time went on, the rival beauty continued to attract, and Camelia had to share her patronage with her. If business waned, Marie introduced some new attraction. Now, it was a loud-talking parrot that cried "Here's yo' cheap bananas!" while everybody stopped and laughed and bought. Now, Marie herself appeared in a dazzling new costume, while her laughter was loud and contagious and her use of slang rather remarkable. At the end of three months, the canopied stall did the principal business in the market, and 'Manuel rented neighboring stands and kept them all busy.

When a year had passed 'Manuel was still prospering. During this time Camelia had had many suitors, who loved her for her beauty, but each one went away with his head down. François had repeated his offer of himself and his money several times, but at length the

strange truth was forced upon him that she would not accept him. He called her a "crezzy lill fool" for thus standing in her own light, but all his arts failed to effect a change in her mind; and he realized at last that he was finally rejected.

Of course, he went and talked with her sometimes still, to keep up appearances; and, when teased about her, he deported himself as became a man of the world.

"Oh-h! Camelia ees one nize lill Dago gal, an' good-lookin', yas,—*bud*," with a shrug of his manly shoulders, he would say, "me, I don' wan' *marry* one Dago. I 'ave a little pleasure talk wid er,—daz all!"

And then, to emphasize his position, he would add: "'Spose me, I was marry wid 'er, and dad one-eye Dago pass by my 'ouse, sing oud, 'Swee' po-ta-ders, ten-cen'-a-buck-e-e-e-t!' Yi, yi! You could knock me down wid a fedder! Oh yas, Camelia 's one nize lill gal, an' poody! poody ligue de dev'! But no, no! Me, I don' wan marry dat *fodder-in-law*."

In this wise François set himself right with the market gossips, saved the imperilled dignity of the Leboeufs, and—handled Camelia's name like a gentleman.

In higher life, when little Miss Clique lifts her "tip-tilted" feature a fraction higher in the air and says of her neighbor, whom she happens not to know, "She is not in our set!" she feels that she has pronounced the sentence that is final, fatal! If not in "our set," surely one can be in nothing half so delightfully good. This is a comfortable remark to make. It acts at both ends,—puts down unknown neighbor at one end, raises self at the other. If the neighbor be worthy and wise, and worldly wise, she, too, knows the fun to be gotten out of this little game, and on occasion gives it back, so to speak, indirectly. This would seem to place each one on an end of a see-saw. The motion, a little kick, puts down neighbor just as surely as it more conspicuously raises self, and if the players be well matched, each has her turn at the upper end.

François was not so anxious to put down Camelia as to extricate himself from the odium that attaches to the rejected. He prided himself not a little on the well-bred way in which he had done this. Had he not with each denial emphasized the fact that Camelia was a "fust-rate nize lill gal?" Had he been less a gentleman, he might have insinuated that she had ambitiously laid snares for him—tried to catch him. But not he! He was a man of honor, a Leboeuf!

'Manuel in the mean time was making money. He had never

visited Camelia in her home. Before the day of his inspiration, he had loved her hopelessly, as one might become enamored of a particular star, knowing that he might never reach it, and it would not descend to him. Since his awakening he had been absorbed with his one object,—making money enough to become eligible to her under the imposed condition.

It had never occurred to him to doubt her, nor yet to nourish her preference with endearing attentions. The charmed words she had spoken had not been all sweet. There was a bitterness not to be ignored in their underlying implication of his unworthiness.

He would not go to her again until every vestige of sloth should have fallen from him, and he could approach her clad in the trig, smart garments of success,—until he could offer her as much money as "thad sassy Creole" had dared offer her.

Whatever pleasure Camelia might have felt in his prosperity was utterly spoiled by jealousy of his pretty clerk. It was plain that 'Manuel was in love with her. Did they not sit together every day—on the same lemon-box—and count over the receipts of the morning? He was even seen once to pin her overskirt for her! Of course, he was in love with her; else *why should he pin her overskirt?* And the bold little thing had giggled all the time! What was 'Manuel thinking about, to fancy such a creature?

Such as these were Camelia's unspoken thoughts, but she never by one word criticised Marie. Not she. She would not "give herself away" after that fashion. She would wear a bright face, flirt with every new-comer, and keep on good terms with Marie—if it killed her!

Time passed until it was Christmas night, and Camelia sat alone on her father's door-step. The day had been a long and trying one to her. Marie had carried everything before her all the morning in the market. The children at home, sticky with Christmas sweets and boisterous with holiday license, had finally succumbed to fretful sleepiness and gone off to bed. And Camelia herself felt so weary. The city about her, in its unusual quiet,—its stillness exaggerated by contrast, from following upon a hilarious Christmas eve,—seemed to be sinking into the heavy stupor of satiety. It was falling into a drunken sleep. Nobody came to buy. There was no sound save of the drowsy diminishing motion of the rocker in which her mother nodded, and her father's half-drunken snore. She thought Christmas was the worst day, the longest day, in the whole year. Her hands

lay idly in her lap, and she fell into the universal habit of holiday retrospection.

How certain crises in our lives come back to us at Christmas! And we smile, and shudder ofttimes, too, as we realize how unconsciously we met them. How the retrospection dignifies the commonplace things of life! How it makes us quail in contemplation of the awful possibilities of each passing hour, every trivial event. We laugh in our hearts, too, as we remember how we agonized over this or that trifle,—the trifle only perpetuated in memory by the agony that impressed it there,—the trifle marked now only by a tear-stain. And how strangely interspersed are these tear-stains! In the wrong places! Ah me! We say "Ah me!"—every one of us—with the Amens to our Christmas communions with self, and we mean——? That depends. There is a terrible vagueness in this voicing of a sigh. If the sigh go upward, the heart is better for the aspiration. Between the "ah" and the "me" there is, mayhap, a prayer,—a renewed consecration of self,—a reaching after the best, the real things of life.

"Ah me!" said little Camelia, sitting in the dimly-lighted doorway to-night. There was a pathos in the very mildness of the ejaculation, for Camelia did not hesitate at profanity, on occasion. Not that she swore. "Cuss'n an' swearin'" she regarded as a strictly masculine prerogative; but she ran the gamut of mild irreverence twenty times a day, introducing the devil into the society of the saints and the Deity on the faintest provocation,—the disputed price of an orange, or a torn armhole—the result of a tiptoed reach for a preferred pineapple.

There was no passion in the laconic "Ah me!"—her only words to-night. It was only a pathetic confession of weariness, of helpless regret. She knew only that she was miserable and lonely, and that the light had gone out of her life. She longed for bed-time and sleep and forgetfulness,—for escape from intrusive memories of recent humiliations. The review of the year had been a sad picture of her defeat—and Marie was the victor.

The little clock in the back room struck eight,—only eight, and the evening had been so long! At eight o'clock last Christmas, where had she been? This and that had happened,—and so the year began again to pass before her. A firm step on the *banquette* startled her. It was 'Manuel. He had stopped, spoken, and seated himself at her side ere she could recover herself enough to speak.

How slender and handsome he looked in his closely-fitting store-clothes! Camelia had never seen him before in other than his market dress. He was actually resplendent to-night. And when he bent his head close to her, and told her in a serious way that, having fulfilled the conditions, he had come to claim the promised hand, she could not find voice to answer him. All things were changed. The wretchedness of the last hour receded suddenly into the dim past. It might have been a year ago.

While she only looked into his face and said nothing, 'Manuel went on talking. He spoke in Italian; told her the story of his struggle, his waiting, his success, and how, through it all, he had thought only of her. And now, he had come to claim her. He looked now into her eyes and awaited her answer. She had had time to compose herself a little, and Marie's face had risen up before her. Her heart seemed turned to ice. Instead of replying to his question, she asked:

"For-a wad ees Marie sen' you off?"

"Oh-h-h! Wad you talk ligue thad, Camelia? Marie—tut, tut, tut!" And he burst out laughing. He seemed more amused than disturbed by this unforeseen difficulty.

"Marie ees-a *hi*' to me. Get fif-a-teen dollar de mont," he continued. "Never seen Marie 'n my life-a, on'y in-a market," and now he drifted seriously into Italian again.

He talked for an hour, and when he rose to go, he held her hand and something glistened on her finger.

It was a gold ring and its pattern was of two hands clasped. He had said a sweet, pretty thing about the appropriateness of the design, when he placed the ring on her finger, and Camelia thought it the most beautiful speech she had ever heard. If she had known the word, she would have called 'Manuel a *poet*.

She sat and watched his slender receding figure until it disappeared in the shadows. And then she looked down at her hand; 'Manuel had kissed it when he put the ring upon it. Raising it now to her face, she laid the spot, still conscious of the touch of his lips, against her cheek, and blushed by herself on the doorstep.

And this was Christmas! Surely Christmas was the happiest day in all the year!

In a month they were married. The engagement was made no secret from the first, and everybody seemed pleased. Marie, indeed,

appeared quite delighted, but Camelia, remembering her own sorrow, felt sure she laughed to hide a heavy heart. François was most gushing and profuse in congratulations, and sent, with his card attached by a broad white satin ribbon, the handsomest of all the bridal presents—a decorated liqueur set, mounted in silver plate, with a bottle of anisette to drink the bride's health.

François, by the way, was married, three days before Camelia's wedding, to a second cousin of his living "down in the Third." Camelia's wedding, on the contrary, was conducted according to her own ideas, on economical principles. But 'Manuel spent money in presents without stint. In addition to the wedding outfit, which was his gift, he presented his bride with a "full set of jewelry," even including watch and chain,—a gorgeous opera-chain with golden tassels,—and every piece was set with an amethyst.

Old Nick, Camelia's father, shed real tears from his good eye when she left home, but he congratulated himself on gaining so progressive a son-in-law. 'Manuel took Camelia to a little home of her own, not a shop, but a neat little cottage, one side of which was rented, and brought in money every month.

Was she happy? Look into her face on this first day, when, having strolled several times through the four rooms of her new home, she at last seats herself in a little rocking-chair and tries to realize things. She has drawn her rocker into the small chamber next her own,—this is to be Raphael's room,—and her seat here between the doors commands a view both ways, back and front. She sees the kitchen shelves behind the shining new stove, and thinks how ornamental they will be, with coverings of embroidered paper and new tin furnishings. She is so glad that they will show all the way from the parlor. The gorgeousness of her own bedchamber quite intoxicates her with delight. She has turned her chair so that, whenever in repose, her eyes fall upon the Victoria bed. It is this imposing structure, with upholstered scarlet canopy, red-tasselled mosquito-bar and lace-covered pillows, that dignifies the whole house. And the fringed, red-bordered towels on the towel-rack look so assertively aristocratic. How superior to the roller-towel and tin basin of her father's house! And it is all hers, and 'Manuel is hers and she is 'Manuel's!

Presently, her attention, satisfied with contemplation of the other apartments, fell upon the little room in which she sat. The arrangement of the furniture here did not suit her. As she contemplated it,

she hummed a tune and rocked herself briskly back and forth, keeping time to the merry air with the rocking of her chair. Here was a bureau in a dark recess, with no light on its mirror, and a bed in a close corner opposite a window, so that its occupant would get plenty of light full in his face. How little men knew about arranging a house! The plan for a better distribution of the furniture came to her. It came first as a suggestion to her mind, and then seemed to pass quickly down through her arms into her hands. Her fingers fairly tingled to effect the improved arrangement. She quickened her tune and the motion of her chair. Finally, the woman's instinct conquered. Rising hastily from her chair, she peeped out to see where 'Manuel and Raphael were. They sat with her father, who had escorted them home, on the front steps, talking (for this January had borrowed a day from June for Camelia's wedding), and she saw that their cigars were fresh. She would have plenty of time to make the desired change before the smoking should be over. It would not do for 'Manuel to catch her moving furniture on this first day. She would be ashamed. She had felt strangely shy even when she had walked through the house with him. But after it should be done she would not care—the improvement would be so apparent.

Taking the little bureau by its high shoulders, she moved it easily on its porcelain rollers. She laughed to herself as she pushed it up beside the window, and the little mirror, reflecting her own face, laughed back at her—even threw up its head and laughed as it tilted backward. She gave the bed a gentle pull now. It protested against moving with a noisy creak, and Camelia went and closed the door. Returning now, she pulled and tugged at the cumbersome four-poster until, having gotten it out of its corner, she could step behind it. She would push it out; it would be easier. Just as she was throwing her weight against it, she happened to look up and saw that the mosquito-netting had caught against the wall. On disentangling it, she bared, not a nail, as she had expected, but a porcelain knob. Here was a door. It must lead to a closet—a shelved closet no doubt—the joy of every housewife's heart—and 'Manuel had not shown it to her! It was to be a surprise! She would look in! She did look in. Horrors! What was this? Hanging all around, on pegs against the wall, were Marie Cantero's clothes! She knew them all. Here were dresses, aprons, slippers,—even that hateful overskirt! She grew dizzy. What did it all mean? 'Manuel had told her that he had never seen Marie excepting in the

market. Had 'Manuel lied to her? Poor Camelia! She had found a skeleton in her closet on her wedding-day! Pressing her hands to her head, she leaned heavily against the side of the door. A sound startled her. She thought it was a footstep. What if 'Manuel should come now? It would never do. Hurrying on tiptoe to the door, she turned the key, and returning, closed the closet door, and with nervous strength pushed the bed back where she had found it. The face in the little mirror looked at her sorrowfully as she moved the bureau into its old place, and, rocking forward, it fell, like a bowed head, crestfallen. Cautiously unlocking the door, and glancing backward to assure herself that everything was just as she had found it, she left the room with a shudder, as if it had held a corpse, and went back into the kitchen.

'Manuel's parrot, perched on top of the safe, flapped her wings as Camelia entered, and cried, keeping her whole vocabulary thus in practice, "Here's yo' cheap bananas!" It seemed an insult to Camelia, so closely was the bird associated with Marie.

"Shut yo' mouth-a, you fool!" she said, spitefully, and hurriedly left the kitchen and sought her own room. Drawing her chair to the side window, she sat down to collect her scattered senses. How her temples throbbed! If she could only have escaped to weep, it would have been a relief; but this was impossible. She must keep a cheerful face, for her own dignity's sake, but how long the day seemed!

In the weeks that followed, a vague, restless doubting seemed ever present with her. She almost doubted the sincerity of 'Manuel's devotion and its permanence. The secret of the closet, like a Jack-in-the-box, seemed ever threatening to spring out at her, and she found herself growing nervous when she passed the door, or the place where she knew it was, for the bed concealed it. This had, no doubt, been the object of the arrangement. She saw little of Raphael. 'Manuel had put him into the market and kept him busy all day, and so he went early and came late. She had tried once to ask him something about Marie, but he evaded an answer, she thought, with some embarrassment, and then she went into her own room and wept. Why were Raphael and 'Manuel conspiring to deceive her about this girl—this brazen girl who was allowed to conceal her finery in *her* house?

One day, when Raphael and 'Manuel were both away, she locked both doors of Raphael's room, and peeped again into the little closet. The clothing hung as on the first day.

In a few days she went again. *One suit was gone!* She grew faint, and grasped the side of the door for support. Marie had been there! She must have come during the night and taken it. Here was a mystery—a living mystery; and any mystery was an insult to her. She had been troubled before; now she was injured, indignant, outraged! She had come to feel almost comfortable about it, and had persuaded herself that there was some simple explanation of the presence of the dresses. She would even have asked about it, had not pride sealed her lips.

Such as these were her thoughts now. In truth, she had never for one moment been satisfied. The closet and the mystery had always been a horror to her. But the uncertainty of the past was as joy to the wretchedness of the present moment, for now she was desperate. Slamming the door so that the house shook, she went into her own room. She was too angry to weep, too nervous to work.

After moving about the house abstractedly for an hour, now mechanically arranging the articles on her toilet, now standing at the open window, gazing vacantly into space, she suddenly started, as by a fresh impulse, back into the closeted chamber. The slammed door swung open, revealing the hanging garments. She had resolved to take the matter into her own hands, which she did literally now, gathering the dresses into a bundle and carrying them into the kitchen. She glanced at the clock. It was not yet noon by an hour, and Raphael and 'Manuel would not be home for dinner before nearly one o'clock. She would end this wretched business now—forever! When Miss Marie Cantero sneaked into her house again, she could whistle for her finery! Opening the stove-door, she started the fire with a handful of shavings, and first into the flame put a muslin overskirt. She laughed aloud as the flame burst into fresh life over the combustible fabric; and she laughed again as she thought of Marie's consternation when she should come for her things and find them all gone.

What would she do? Would she have the face to inquire about them? If Marie should, what would she herself do? She would shrug her shoulders and say she knew nothing about it. Why should she know? Nobody had told her. But Marie wouldn't ask her—she wouldn't dare! This would end the whole hateful affair—forever! It would be neatly and quietly settled!

She laughed a laugh of self-gratulation as, opening the stove-door again, she thrust upon the waning flame a gaudy, lace-covered skirt. The eagerness with which the blaze seized upon the flimsy finery

seemed in sympathy with her own passion. Its fiery espousal of her cause soothed her. The stove was her friend. The voice which roared through its narrow pipe was the voice of triumph, of exultation. It was the counterpart of her own laughter, and when it should have subsided, the gray ashes in the grate should not be more tenacious of their secret than she. She had found companionship in the little stove before, during the long days when 'Manuel was away. Her ally in all her recent culinary experiments, it had been responsive to her every demand. She and the little stove knew how to make and to bake, to truss and to broil, to time and to boil, to suit 'Manuel. The secrets involved in the preparation of sundry new dishes—dishes which 'Manuel had praised—were they not all between her and her little friend of the plastic temper?

Camelia was not capable of analysis, but she was conscious of the charm of companionship which came from the personality with which she had unconsciously invested the little stove. And now, as she fed it with the only available and tangible element in her distress, it seemed, in its greedy consumption of the novel fuel, in its hilarious demonstration of delight, to have followed her into the realm of passion. The consciousness of sympathy soothed her spirit, as the genial warmth did her body.

Presently the fire subsided. Camelia glanced at the chair on which she had thrown the clothing. A single dress remained. She held this garment up before her. She would prolong the joy of its destruction by a last lingering inspection. How it recalled special days of Marie's triumph! How vulgarly she had flaunted the gaudy flouncings of the skirt! And Manuel had tolerated her,—liked her,—even now held a secret about her! There were bright-red spots on Camelia's cheeks as she opened the stove-door, and as she looked in, she saw that there were bright-red coals within its grate. She would lay this last garment, which seemed an embodied indignity, upon the ardent bosom of her friend, and that would avenge it, and then they would laugh together, she and the little stove.

Catching the edge of a flounce with a toasting-fork, she had leaned forward to thrust it into the fire, when a step startled her. The door had opened before she turned, and 'Manuel and Raphael walked in. 'Manuel regarded her in questioning astonishment, but she met his glance defiantly. He was frightened. He had never seen such a look in his wife's face before, and he did not in the least understand it. He was first to speak. He approached her gently. "W'a's the mather weeth-a my lill-a wife?" said he.

His tenderness was more than she could stand. She resented it as an insult in the face of her wrongs. The fountains of her wrath, long pent up, now burst forth in a deluge of violent abuse. She had endured much, and was proceeding decently and quietly to dispose of the whole affair, but—she was caught, and she didn't care. She charged both 'Manuel and Raphael with deception, conspirary, insult; told them that she had known it from the first, and had put up with everything until the girl had had the impudence to sneak into her own house, and now she had sworn she wouldn't stand it a day longer,—no, she wouldn't! Finally, however, her anger spent itself, and she fell to weeping.

The truth of the situation slowly revealed itself to 'Manuel. He had been strangely obtuse, but he saw it all now, and he was greatly troubled. Beckoning to the boy to follow, he left the room. There were but a few words of conversation between the two, and 'Manuel's attitude was that of entreaty. In a moment both returned to the kitchen, and Raphael, taking up the dress from the floor where Camelia had dropped it, and gathering slippers, stockings, and ribbons that lay strewn around, disappeared with them through his room into the little closet. Camelia, with her head buried in her arms over the table, saw nothing of this.

'Manuel approached his wife now, and, taking her arm, gently, but firmly, raised her up.

"Come, Camelia," said he. "Been-a mague wan beeg *miz*tague! 'S all righd now." Camelia resisted moodily, and he added, "Can'd you truz-a yo' 'Manu*el?*"

His voice was so troubled, so tender, that it moved her, and she suffered him to lead her, sobbing afresh, into Raphael's room. He led her to a chair, and, stepping to the closet door, rapped impatiently.

"Say! Hoary up in-a tha!" said he. In a moment the door opened. Camelia looked up. A quick scream escaped her, as Miss Marie Cantero, in all her glory, emerged from the closet.

"'Ave-a cha'," said 'Manuel, indicating a seat opposite Camelia.

Turning to her now, he said: "Tague wan-a good loog, Camelia. Never 's goin'-a see Miss Marie no mo'."

That young lady now rose, took from her head hat, ribbon, net, and one by one, the feminine garments fell to the floor, and Raphael, in long breeches and flannel shirt, stood before her. The boy laughed nervously, but Camelia was too much wrought up for laughter—yet. She was humiliated beyond expression. She looked reproachfully at her husband.

"For-a wad ees-a you neva was-a tell me *bif* fo', 'Manu*el?*" said she.

"'Ad 'o *prormize Raphael neva was a goin'-a tell-a nobody!* Neva thoughd-a my lill-a wife was afrai' trus'-a me!" Manuel replied.

He spoke sorrowfully. There was a pathos in his gentleness. Camelia felt it. She might even apologize for her mistrust sometime, but she had not the grace to do it now. She saw an opportunity for a lateral retreat through a change of subject. With childish diplomacy, she asked:

"For-a wad ees you an' Raphael come-a so soon to-day, 'Manu*el?* 'S nod leb'n o'clog yed!"

'Manuel held his open watch to her. It was nearly one, though the little clock on the shelf said "five minutes before eleven." It had stopped here when Camelia shook the house, slamming the closet door.

Marie had never appeared in the market after 'Manuel's wedding-day, for Raphael's contract ended then. When 'Manuel had resolved to bestir himself and "beat Camelia makin' money," the main difficulty in the competition seemed to lie in her superior attractiveness over himself. He would not have had this otherwise, but just now—in a business sense—it was in his way. While at home, working on his stall, he had expressed his difficulty to Raphael in this wise: "Nobody's a goin'-a stop-a buy some-a-theen from wan-a orgly man, when wan-a pritty lill-a gal ligue Camelia's a sell-a close by eem."

This led to the wish for a pretty clerk,—some shrewd, bright girl who might beat Camelia at her own game. It was then that 'Manuel conceived the idea of Raphael's assuming the disguise. It would be just the thing. Raphael had beauty, wit, and experience, and the plan would steer clear of the embarrassment of dealing with "a strange girl." 'Manuel offered good pay and swore secrecy, but he had to beg and bribe a long time before the boy would consent.

The market people never knew what became of Marie. Some said that she had committed suicide in a fit of jealousy on 'Manuel's wedding-day, and Raphael was so pleased with this solution that he carried a suit of his discarded clothing and left it one night under the wharf at the river's edge. This was the dress Camelia had missed from the closet. Some one must have stolen it, for Raphael never heard of it, and when he went to look for it, it was gone.

RUTH MCENERY STUART.

CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

THE WAR SITUATION IN EUROPE.

THE spectacle of the European Powers divided into hostile camps; supporting vast standing armies at an expense almost appalling; watching one another with the keenest eyes, to discern the slightest indication of unusual preparations for war, or of an intention to seize upon some advantage, however insignificant; thrown into a panic by even the vaguest rumors of alliances that seem to threaten the peace or the safety of the continent, or of any portion of it;—this spectacle is not calculated to reassure those peace-loving folk who, in spite of all indications in the contrary direction, still hope for the day to come when wars and rumors of wars shall be heard no more. The hope for peace in Europe seemingly lies in the fact that each Power is fully prepared for fighting. The scenes, however, are constantly shifting. The kaleidoscope never shows two pictures altogether similar. It would require more than the skill of a prophet, or of the son of a prophet, to foretell what a day, a week, a month, may bring forth. Reviewing the situation now, at a point somewhat past midsummer, it seems fairly safe to assume that the danger of war for this year has passed. A late-fall campaign is not very probable. It would doubtless require some sharp and sudden provocation to precipitate a crisis this autumn. Let us glance over the field, and see what reasonable conclusions can be drawn from the confused array of facts and rumors with which the newspaper press supplies us from day to day.

The eye naturally turns first to the southeast, where Bulgaria has long been a bone of contention. The prospect there seems brighter than ever before. With the course of events in this principality the readers of this REVIEW have been made familiar by the admirable papers of Mr. Schuyler. Russia, at present, seems disposed to keep its hands off and let the Bulgarians work out their manifest destiny. Relieved from outside pressure, they are doing this in a way that cannot fail, if it be maintained a little longer, to excite the wondering admiration of the civilized world. How the matter is really regarded in St. Petersburg is, of course, a subject of conjecture only; but, so far as can be judged, interference from that quarter is extremely improbable. In a limited sense, therefore, this firebrand may be regarded as no longer a factor in the situation. Happy will it be for Europe should this prove to be the case permanently. Still, it must be remembered that the declaration of the Russian Prime Minister, given out in July, that

Russia would "wash her hands of the whole concern," may have been intended to draw attention from Bulgaria while plans for regaining the lost control are being laid in St. Petersburg.

Events in Germany have trodden so fast upon each other's heels that there has been scarcely time to judge their course, direction, and tendency. Certain it is that the accession of Frederick argued well for the peace of Europe, and that the reign of his successor, fired with the ardor of youth and ambitious for military renown, is contemplated with doubt and suspicion both in and out of his own empire. Responsibility, however, often works wonders; and there is good ground for the hope that such will be the result in this case. The new Emperor's first official utterances had a distinctly warlike tone, but this was modified to a marked degree in his subsequent addresses. Prince Bismarck still is Germany's ruler, and while he lives there is small likelihood that Germany will take the initiative in a hostile movement. Bismarck's death might change the entire situation. The death of no monarch would send such a thrill through Europe. In the nature of things, this event cannot be very long delayed. Yet Bismarck's son, Count Herbert, whose recent training has had but one object in view,—that he shall be his father's successor as Chancellor,—will be certain to maintain the traditions which have done so much for the glory of the empire, and can be trusted to pursue a policy quite in keeping with that of his illustrious predecessor. The present Emperor will, accordingly, be restrained in two directions, and is not likely to act hastily or unadvisedly. His recent visit to the Tsar of Russia can hardly be productive of other than good results. Certainly, if a marriage is arranged between the heir to the Russian throne and one of the sisters of the German Emperor, there will be the best of reasons for believing that these two Powers will maintain amicable relations. Emperor William's hostility to England and everything English, not excluding his own mother, has been undisguised; but nothing of a warlike character is likely to come of it. Nor is the present Empress, who is described as "a plain home-body," likely to interfere in affairs of state or disturb any of Prince Bismarck's plans. With the present effective military force, Germany would be able to put one million men in the field against Russia, should occasion arise, and to send a second million against France, besides keeping nearly another million in reserve at home, to make use of where needed. From a military point of view, no Power in Europe is better equipped than Germany. The German Empire, in truth, may be described as a huge camp.

The danger of hostile manifestations on the part of France is apparently over for the present. Of course, Frenchmen do not harbor very friendly feelings for their conquerors beyond the Rhine, and the generation now existing will not be satisfied until the separated provinces are restored; but they will not go to war with the Germans. The craze known as Boulangism will soon pass. It will be but a "brief madness." The French are proverbially fickle, but in a country where political duelling is still in fashion, it

is hard to believe that General Boulanger will not be irretrievably discredited by the outcome of his affair with Premier Floquet. That a warrior should be worsted by "an elderly barrister," when using weapons of his own selection, would, no doubt, be enough, elsewhere than in France, to put an end to the civil career on which he had just entered with no small flourish of trumpets, and with large promises that showed no signs of fulfilment. His reckless resignation of his seat in the Chamber of Deputies, just before the duel, was a significant indication of the failure of his schemes. With the passing of Boulangism passes the danger of war on the part of France. Should Russia, however, engage in military operations in Europe, undoubtedly she could count upon an alliance with France; particularly if Germany, Austria, and Italy adhere to the terms of the Triple Alliance,—the most powerful coalition known to Europe since the wars of Napoleon. These three Powers are especially concerned in any movement that Russia may make in the direction of Constantinople. At the Friedrichsruhe conference, last October, the Italian Prime Minister, Signor Crispi, said: "Italy could not permit the Mediterranean to become a Russian lake." This sentiment was endorsed by Germany and Austria; and the relations of these Powers were still more clearly shown by the publication, in February, of the Austro-German treaty of October 7, 1879, and of the treaty made between Italy and Germany about the same time. The first treaty stipulated that, should either Germany or Austria be attacked by Russia, each is pledged to assist the other with its entire military force; should either be attacked by any other Power, the other is to remain neutral, unless Russia assists the aggressor. By the other treaty it was arranged that, if France attacks either Italy or Germany, the Power attacked shall send 300,000 men to the French frontier.

The position of England in the event of a Continental war remains to be considered. In a general way, it is a position of neutrality; but a neutrality that might easily be transformed into something quite different. England's relations with Italy appear to be closer than with any other Power. It is generally believed that at least something in the nature of an "understanding" exists between them. A significant indication of this was afforded in the appointment of Lord Dufferin as ambassador to Rome. Lord Dufferin had been Governor-General of India,—the most important post, perhaps, in the British colonial or diplomatic service,—while Italy had previously been regarded as a second-class appointment. However, when the Government were questioned, in the House of Commons, on the relations between England and Italy, nothing was disclosed. Apart from these incidents, there has been little to indicate the course of England in an emergency that does not now seem probable in the near future. Perhaps the Power that Great Britain is most likely to be brought into conflict with is Russia. Either of these is prepared to resist to the utmost any interference by the other with its possessions in Asia. Beaconsfield's phrase, "scientific frontier," which he used in regard to the Afghan boundary, though not regarded at the time as having a serious significance, is now per-

ceived to represent a real and important fact. That "scientific frontier" England is determined to maintain. And, in truth, Russia shows no disposition to interfere with it. The great Power of the northeast is busy with its own schemes in Asia, as witness the recent completion of the Transcaspian Railway to Samarcand (bringing the boundary of the Chinese Empire within twelve days' travel from London), and likewise the large project of building a railway across Siberia to Vladivostock on the Pacific. The shrewdest observers think that the Transcaspian Railway is not a menace to England, but will be the means of leading to a definite and pacific arrangement between the two nations for the formation of a complete international railway system.

Mention may properly be made here of the bitter opposition manifested by Great Britain to all projects for bridging or tunnelling the English Channel. This opposition is extremely hard for Americans to understand. When the last proposition to build a tunnel was before the House of Commons, it was voted down by a majority of nearly two to one. Evidently isolation is preferred by England to annexation to the continent, in spite of the many and marked advantages which such a work would bring about. A Channel tunnel would, inevitably, be a prominent factor, in the event of a war between England and any nation on the continent, provided that it could be seized and held at both ends. But it could be so easily destroyed or rendered useless,—a single charge of dynamite would be more than sufficient,—while its commercial value would be so great, that the determined opposition encountered so persistently by the capitalists who are willing to engage in this vast undertaking is not readily explained.

The huge military establishments maintained throughout Europe are in scarcely any degree less expensive than war itself. The only redeeming feature is that human lives are not being sacrificed by the hundred or thousand day after day. Austro-Hungary is making preparations on as large a scale as if war were already declared, and Italy's increase of armaments, whether in furtherance of her designs in northern Africa or not, is attracting general notice. Germany, as has been said, is a great barrack, and Russia keeps herself armed to the teeth. The Peace Society's appeal for a general disarmament and the adoption of arbitration in international affairs falls upon deaf ears. There is peace in Europe; but it is not peace—it is only an armed truce. Symbolically depicted, this Peace must be represented with a spiked helmet and an unsheathed sword.

A LIBRARY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

It is within a comparatively recent period that our American Literature has been deemed sufficient, either in bulk or excellence, to merit collection

* *A Library of American Literature* from the earliest settlement to the present time. Compiled and edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson. In ten volumes. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

in cyclopædias or treatment in histories. Mr. Duyckinck's work, *Cyclopædia of American Literature, Embracing Personal and Critical Notes of Authors, and selections from the writings from the Earliest Period to the Present Day* (New York, 1856) seems to have been the first adequate recognition of the subject. Professor Moses Coit Tyler's *History of American Literature* (1878) followed its predecessor with more critical estimates and more rhetorical ability. That in turn has been succeeded by Professor Charles Richardson's work on *American Literature*, the first volume of which appeared in 1887. The combined influence of these works, each having distinctive excellencies, has evidently increased the desire to know what has been the actual product of American thought since the beginning of our career as a people. Nationality is a powerful factor in the production of any literature. The national life must not only assert itself, but must expand into diversity before its literature can show variety or richness. So it is in the recognition of literature. With the growing consciousness of nationality the demand comes, to know if there be indeed a living national literature, and what it is in kind and in worth. In many of our colleges the course of literary study embraces a distinct and separate discussion of American authors.

The work before us is another step in the same direction, but it differs in essential points from its predecessors. It is far more comprehensive in its design. When complete, it is to consist of ten volumes—four of which are already published. These are classified as follows: Vol. I.—*Early Colonial Literature*, 1607–1675. Vol. II.—*Later Colonial Literature*, 1676–1764. Vol. III.—*Literature of the Revolution*, 1765–1787. Vol. IV.—*Literature of the Republic*, 1788–1820. The second half of the work will be "wholly occupied with the best and most creative literature of the Republic, that of the last fifty years." Of these volumes, "two will be devoted to the prose and verse of the most recent period, our own, inaugurated by the War for the Union and its great result—the abolition of slavery in the United States." Volume tenth, we are glad to note, will contain "a careful Index to the whole work." It will be seen at once from this outline of the plan that no work on American literature, following so comprehensive a plan, has yet appeared. Each of the ten volumes, royal 8vo, contains about 500 pages of reading matter.

Another and more characteristic difference between this work and its forerunners in the same field is, that it consists simply and purely of extracts from the various writers. No critical estimate whatever is attempted. No biographical details beyond the dates of birth and death, fixing the period of authorship, are given. Each author, in chronological sequence, speaks for himself, makes his own impression, and the reader must, for himself, form his own critical estimate. The aim of the work is thus succinctly set before us in the Preface:

"As this work is neither a history nor an encyclopædia, we are not forced to place all American writers, colonial and national, upon the list of those represented. Some of more or less note—divines, orators, journalists, romancers, poets—will be omitted, so that our selections from those quoted may often be of greater length than is usual in books of this

kind. Our aim is to give distinctive, readable examples of the writings of every class, and of each successive period; to form a collection that shall be to our literature what a 'national gallery' is to national art; to bring together practical illustrations of the work of centuries—of the changes of topic and style, the rise of learning, imagination, and creative power—which finally resulted in a true home-school of authorship, upon which our people now rely with increasing confidence and pride."

Anonymous writers are not overlooked when they have contributed anything noteworthy in form or matter. Short poems, tales, and sketches are printed without abridgement. As the later period of our literary history comes on, the selections are more exclusively literary in the higher sense of the word, and the concluding volumes must be devoted chiefly to the rich and increasing field of history, poetry, fiction, and other productions of a strictly literary order. The volumes are embellished with portraits,—some of which are on steel,—and in its typographical execution the work has unusual attractiveness.

It is obvious at a glance that to make a successful work on this plan, some high literary gifts are essential. Though made for "popular use and enjoyment," it could not reach these ends save by dint of excellent literary judgment and faithful, laborious effort. Trained tastes, true insight, and the sense of literary proportion must all be in exercise. The names of the editors and compilers are guarantees of careful and conscientious workmanship. And we believe that fair criticism will own that the plan of the work has been—at least in the four volumes under notice—happily and thoroughly carried out. The selections show discrimination in the matter, and, as to length, they are the worthy representatives of what their authors were and wrote. It must always be remembered, in judging of such work, that the "personal equation" will perforce appear. As to which are the absolutely best and most characteristic passages of any author, what two critics will always agree? It is to be carefully noted that a number of the selections from the early colonial literature are obtained from works so rare as to be practically inaccessible to many—indeed to most—readers. So true is this, that in some instances the compilers confess to inability "to procure certain rare books," and have profited by the research of former explorers. It is much to have an extract from one of these rare old books at hand, when there is little or no chance of ever seeing an original or even a reprint.

The question, however, yet remains, how far is such a work needed—what good ends will it subserve—when the performance in itself is successful? It will, we think, stimulate interest in the study of American literature, as such. The outcome of American thought is seen to be such for amount, for variety, in its later periods such for higher literary excellence, that the American scholar has his pride appealed to. He will, at least, feel concerned to have justice done to the writers of his native country. He will not be so unwise as to claim for Joel Barlow's mock-heroic poem on *Hasty Pudding* such poetic excellence as belongs to Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, but he will be true enough to his native authorship to claim for Barlow a due recognition in this vein.

This being so, there will come a fuller study of authors in their complete works. A good extract piques curiosity. We want to know more of an author whose words have had such power in song or fiction or oratory or story. The danger, of course, is superficiality. But, far oftener, we think, the well-selected extracts promote further research than they simply leave the mind satiated, content in its fractional knowledge of a gifted author.

Nor can any reader become familiar with the contents, specially of the earlier volumes, without knowledge of American life not readily gained elsewhere. The extracts in the first two volumes give a vivid picture of colonial life in its adventures and hardships, on its social, civic, and religious side. So again in the volume on the Revolutionary period, the tone of thought, of feeling, is vividly conveyed in the writings. It is as if you heard the actor in the scene speak. And the pages of the historian will seem all the more real to us when once we have read what the men of the time said, how they felt and reasoned, and how they acted and suffered.

Perhaps, however, no better service is rendered by such a work than its tendency to deepen and strengthen the sense of nationality in right directions. We are powerfully educated on the material side. All here is on so large a scale, that our danger is of counting our American nationality as great mainly through its immensity of material advantages. But no true nation was ever made simply out of bigness, big forests and rivers and lakes, big harvests and big prairies—untilled as yet—big mines and big mountains. It will do us good to realize that the intellectual element among us has not been neglected—that we have had men who in thinking and writing have wrought not unworthily. It will be well for us to prize more and more highly this literary side of our national being.

The growth of all literature shows that in its beginnings and earlier stages much that does not attain to the higher literary standards must be included. This is true of the ancient as of the modern literatures. Their histories all show it. To this rule American literature is no exception. It began in humble form; so did all the continental literatures. So did our congener, the great English literature, proudest and noblest of them all. In this broader view, which traces advance from humbler to highest forms, the title and plan of this work are amply justified; and we can only rejoice that its execution has fallen into hands so competent for the task.

AN AMERICAN EXPONENT OF LOTZE.*

The influence of Lotze is considerable in this country, as well as in Germany. His thought has been felt, not only in general philosophy, but

* *Metaphysics.* A Study in First Principles. By Borden P. Bowne, 1 vol., pp. xiii. and 534. New York, 1882: Harper & Brothers.

Philosophy of Theism. By Borden P. Bowne. 1 vol., pp. x. and 269. New York, 1887: Harper & Brothers.

Introduction to Psychological Theory. By Borden P. Bowne, pp. xiii. and 329. New York, 1887: Harper & Brothers.

also in some of the special sciences, notably psychology. As a thinker Lotze held an intermediate position. His spiritual ontology enabled him to transcend the plane of materialism, and, while conceding practically unlimited scope to mechanism and natural causation in the sphere of phenomena, to vindicate the necessity for a deeper sphere of spiritual forces and causes. He also stood intermediate between empiricism and the rational idealism of the post-Kantians in Germany. With an open side to experience, and a large appropriation of empirical methods and results, he united a speculative ability and appreciation, which stamped him a philosopher as well as an investigator. The psychological aspect of Lotze's philosophy, as well as the catholic spirit of the master, is admirably reproduced in Professor Ladd's work on *Physiological Psychology*. We are specially concerned here, however, with another American Lotzean, Professor Bowne of Boston University, whose writings reflect with various degrees of fidelity the leading traits of the great German thinker. The earliest work, and the one in which the influence of Lotze is most apparent, is a treatise on metaphysics. It requires some courage in the present age, when metaphysical speculation has sunk into such disrepute, to project a work under the traditional rubrics of ontology, cosmology, and psychology. But Professor Bowne is not lacking in the courage of his convictions. In a very suggestive introduction he discusses the problem of metaphysics. It treats of those fundamental notions which Kant called categories, and its proper aim is not so much to discover what reality is, as how we must think about reality. The method to be followed is the Herbartian—the working over of conceptions in order to attain rational truth, which is defined as the universally valid in our thought of things. The tests of rational truth are: (1) self-evidence and necessity; (2) the inner harmony of our conceptions with one another. In ontology the question of being is fundamental. But we must ask after the *how* and not the *why* of being. Ultimate reasons are hidden from our view. Professor Bowne espouses the dynamical concept of being, which he further defines as causal agency. "Every true thing in distinction from compounds and phenomena must be regarded as a definite causal unit." His contempt for what he styles the "stuffy" conception of substance is unbounded. It is the fruitful source of materialism and other erroneous theories. Everything is made to depend on this conception of being. It leads the author to a species of Berkeleyan denial of the reality of material things. These are simply phenomena—manifestations of real being having no proper individuality of their own. The real is reducible finally to the category of spirit. Ultimate being is spiritual being. Reality falls into two categories, the finite and the infinite. "The infinite substance means the infinite agent, one and indivisible. To explain the universe we need, not a substance, but an agent; not substantiality, but causality." "The infinite is the basal cause of the universe. As such, it is one and indivisible and is forever equal to itself." But this infinite cause is not a necessary agent realizing its own nature by an inevitable law, nor is it mere reason, which realizes

the world by a thought-process. It is a free conscious personality, and the world is the product of free will, which is defined as "Power guided by inner intelligence." Professor Bowne's philosophy is theistic to the core. He finds the roots of his theism in the ultimate nature of being itself. From his standpoint theism is a necessary presupposition of all being and thinking.

Of the finite two conceptions may be formed.

"We may view it merely as a form of energizing on the part of the infinite, or we may view it as a substantial creation by the infinite. If any finite thing can be formed which is capable of acting from itself, it has in that fact the only possible test of reality as distinguished from phenomenality. But this possibility can be found only in conscious agents. We must say, then, that only selfhood suffices to mark off the finite from the infinite, and that only the finite spirit attains to substantial otherness to the infinite. The impersonal finite attains only to such otherness as an act or thought has to its subject."

The theme of the section on cosmology is the world conceived as the impersonal finite. The world is related to spirit as a thought to a thinker. It is the phenomenon of spirit. This furnishes the key to Professor Bowne's theory of space and time, as well as to his idealistic theory of knowledge. The things of perception belong to the category of the impersonal finite. They arise when the soul reacts upon external stimuli and not only objectifies its sensations in the framework of space and time, but also conceives them in its thought-forms. Nature is a phenomenon of spirit. Each soul unfolds its own vision of the world in response to stimuli. The truth of cognition is its universal element, that which is common and valid to all.

The subject of the chapters on psychology is the personal finite or the human soul. The soul is a real spiritual unit, having independent existence and self-determination. It is the necessary presupposition of the phenomena of the mental life. Professor Bowne is a determined foe of materialism, returning to the attack repeatedly and somewhat needlessly in various parts of his works. From the essential nature of the soul as an independent unit springs its freedom—*i. e.*, its power of ultimate self-determination, of which the relation of motives to choice cannot deprive it. We have already spoken of Professor Bowne's theory of cognition, which he unfolds in his metaphysics and elaborates more fully in his work on *Psychology*. His view is Kantian in its main features. It differs from Kantianism, however, in its recognition of the objective authority of the categories and its consequent refusal to regard agnosticism as the last word of theoretical philosophy. Professor Bowne's theory may be characterized as objective idealism. He is disposed to treat realism with some contempt. But he does not seem to have any but its cruder forms in view. Between realism as held by its abler exponents and Professor Bowne's idealism there are many points of essential agreement. The dispute is, to a great extent, one of nomenclature. The *Metaphysics* closes with a chapter on Apriorism and Empiricism, in which the function of experience is somewhat too narrowly construed and some results are anticipated which will come up later for criticism.

More recently Professor Bowne has developed the theistic basis of his system in some detail in his *Philosophy of Theism.* He rests the case for theism not so much on logic as on certain necessary postulates of the mental and moral constitution of man. Planting ourselves on the religious consciousness, "we do not aim," says the author, "at a philosophical deduction or speculative construction of religion, nor yet at a genetic unfolding of religion; we aim only to analyze and understand the data of the religious consciousness." The purpose of the discussion is to show that theism is a demand of our nature as a whole, and the principle is laid down that "whatever our total nature calls for may be assumed as real in default of positive disproof." This, Professor Bowne contends, is the law which the mind implicitly follows in all its thinking.

The theistic evidence rests on two grounds, metaphysical and moral. The metaphysical argument starts from the "conception of things interacting according to law and forming an intelligible system." Professor Bowne contends that this interacting system is not ultimate, but presupposes a ground, and that this ground must be a unitary being. The unity of the world-ground is thus an implication of the finite system. In like manner the intelligence and personality of the world-ground are shown to be latent implications of the same system. The author then summarizes the metaphysical attributes of this world-ground as unity, unchangeability, omnipresence, eternity, omniscience, and omnipotence, on each of which profound and suggestive remarks are made.

Professor Bowne then considers God's relation to the world. He sets himself here in determined opposition to all pantheistic and rationalistic theories. The world does not exist merely as a phenomenon of the divine reason or as a necessary manifestation of God's nature. It is rather a phenomenon of his will, *i. e.* of "power guided by inner intelligence." The world is not, then, a mode of the divine substance, but a manifestation of free creative activity. It is not something that can be added to or substracted from God, thus contravening his infinity. Creation is a process of positing, a free act of the infinite, and admits of no quantitative construction. From this point of view the difficulties raised by the British agnostics are irrelevant.

God is not a demand of man's reason alone, but also of his moral nature. The moral aspect of theism is treated in the chapter entitled, "The World-Ground as Ethical." "The empirical argument for the moral character of the world-ground is derived from our moral nature, the structure of society, and the course of history." The moral nature may be considered in two lights: (1) as an effect to be explained; (2) in its immediate implications. As an effect, man's moral nature points to a moral nature in God as its source. In its implications, it leads man "to posit a supreme justice and righteousness in the heavens." The ethical structure of society and the course of history point in the same direction. But, after all, the empirical evidence is not conclusive. We come to a point

where we are obliged to take sides. The victory of optimism over pessimism, of theism over atheism, depends ultimately on our voluntary acceptance of the principle that the legitimate demands of man's moral nature must be satisfied. The conclusion here is not reached as a logical inference, but is "an immediate refusal of the soul to abdicate its own nature and surrender to pessimism and despair." The concluding chapter, on "Theism and Life," is devoted to the practical aspects of the case—the powerlessness of atheism to satisfy the legitimate demands of life and action. "The contention of the chapter," says the author in conclusion, "is not that God exists, but that theistic faith is such an implication of our moral nature and practical life that atheism must tend to wreck both life and conscience."

The *Introduction to Psychological Theory* is an attempt to reach by analysis the underlying principles of psychological science. The work falls into two parts, treating first of the factors of the mental life, and secondly of these in combination. Starting out with an elaborate defence of the Lotzean view of the subject of the mental life, Professor Bowne then considers in order: sensation, the mechanism of reproduction, the thought-factor, the feelings, will and action, and consciousness and self-consciousness. In the second part the topics are: perception, the forms of reproduction, the thought-process, interaction of soul and body, closing with a meagre chapter on sleep and abnormal mental phenomena. Like all Professor Bowne's writings, this treatise is well worth reading. Its analysis is masterly and, on the whole, sound. The logical blade is, as usual, keen, and cuts to the quick. Still, his contribution to psychology is without doubt the least valuable part of Professor Bowne's work. This is mainly due, we think, to his determined disregard of those aspects of the science which Professor Ladd has so well summarized in his able work.

The general merits of Professor Bowne's writings are so conspicuous that he who runs may read. It is a keen pleasure to follow an author who has such a masterful grip on his subject. His logic is full of nerve and power, and his pages are constantly flashing with insights which lighten up many dark and deep recesses of thought. Professor Bowne's style is unique. His discussions are interspersed with pungent and pithy remarks which act as tonics and give zest to the most abstruse passages. He has the faculty of expressing himself clearly and pointedly on the most profound topics. Philosophy in his hands forgets her prerogatives of dulness and obscurity. There are few tedious pages in any of the volumes, and, whether we agree or dissent from the conclusions, we are always entertained and never left in doubt as to what the author thinks. Regarding the merits of Professor Bowne's general view there will, of course, be different opinions. He is an able exponent of one of the two or three great systems of modern speculative thought. We are inclined to think, although dissenting from many of his views, that his work is, in the main, a very powerful defence of fundamental truth. We confess a preference for his treatise on *Theism*. It seems to us to be, on the whole, a triumphant vindication of the essen-

tials of theistic belief. That there are other meritorious ways of reaching the same goal we not only admit, but maintain. In the olden times there were many roads which led to Rome. Professor Bowne's is, at least, one of the broadest, most direct, and firmly paved.

Before closing this review, however, we would venture a note of criticism. Professor Bowne displays in all his writings, especially his later ones, a lack of respect for opposing views which is in marked contrast to the spirit of the German thinker he professes to follow. This has the effect of blinding him, in some instances, to the real strength of the theories he opposes. Even materialism is not quite so absurd as Professor Bowne would have us believe. If it were, the elaborate pains he takes in refuting it would be labor misspent, for an unmitigated absurdity would be its own sufficient refutation. Again, Professor Bowne's apriorism betrays him sometimes into a hostile attitude toward the experimental side of philosophy. This tendency is most pronounced in the sphere of psychology. If, as he himself says, "philosophy is mainly a product of mental disease," then making an anthology of mad-house and hospital stories may not have such an odor of quackery about it, after all. To say the least, a large use of induction is indispensable in psychology, and the explorer in its fields must be content to spell out some of its most important truths. We like better the attitude of Doctor Stuckenberg, who says in speaking of the study of psychology: "To begin the study with a theory of the nature of the soul, particularly when that is so much in dispute as in our day, is to begin with an unproved hypothesis and with a prejudice. We must begin with facts, operations, exactly as in nature; from what it does and can do, we must try to discover what the soul is; but to make a theory of the essence of the soul the principle for the explanation of its operations, is both unphilosophical and unscientific." *

CAMPAIGN METHODS.

THE fact that the question whether the term of office of the President of the United States ought not to be extended continually comes up for discussion, shows that there is something in our campaign methods which is offensive to a large body of the most thoughtful electors. For it is noticeable that one of the chief arguments for such a modification of the existing system is the disturbance of the business and the interference with the normal habits and occupations of the country, incident to the presidential election every four years. As the time of election draws near, discussion gives place to turmoil and uproar. Banner-raisings, processions, noisy gatherings of every kind, multiply in all parts of the country until the tumult is so great that it is almost impossible for the country to find opportunity for

* *Introduction to the Study of Philosophy.* By J. W. Stuckenberg, D.D. New York, 1888: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

quiet thought. And yet thoughtfulness ought to be the chief characteristic of a national decision on questions affecting the national welfare. A crisis in personal experience hushes all subordinate and tumultuous interests into silence; at such a time one cares for nothing so much as for the quiet and repose which silence the voice of passion, in order that the voice of reason may be more clearly heard. A national crisis ought to secure the same sane conditions of intelligent and dispassionate deliberation and decision. Heat should give place to light, passion yield the primacy to reason.

In the present campaign, the chief issue between the parties is the question of high or reduced tariff; the question whether taxes on our imports shall be left as they are or be subjected to revision and reduction. The question is not only difficult in itself, but involves large interests and important classes in the community. It is preëminently a question for candid and intelligent discussion, in which the chief emphasis should be laid on facts. But this question will be obscured during the coming weeks by incessant appeals to passion, to selfish interests, to party prejudices. The real contributions to the discussion will be few, and in the uproar of processions and bonfires and the clangor of the usual electioneering machinery they will receive small attention. The party managers will spend their strength mainly in an effort to arouse emotion, not in an endeavor to persuade and convince.

There is certainly much in our present campaign methods which is both puerile and harmful; which appeals to our weakness rather than to our strength. Foreign voters will be flattered by denunciations of the governments and political systems they have left behind them in the countries from which they have come; the support of large classes of native electors will be solicited by appeals to local or class interests; and throughout the length and breadth of the country an effort will be made to gain the votes of the thoughtless and ignorant by expedients which, if not absolutely corrupt, are inimical to intelligent and dispassionate discussion. Strong convictions beget strong emotions, and no great political debate which takes hold of the conscience of the people will be unaccompanied by enthusiasm; but the enthusiasm that is bred by the appeal of principles to the popular mind and heart is a very different emotion from that which is worked up by buncombe speeches, torchlight processions, and the artificial noise and confusion of typical political management. During the campaign of 1840 Mr. Clay declared that the nation was "like the ocean when convulsed by some terrible storm." Barrels of cider, coon-skins, log-cabins with live raccoons attached and latch-strings hanging conspicuously from the doors, constituted the Whig paraphernalia. In the newspapers appeared advertisements to the effect that the advertiser would pay "$5.00 a hundred for pork if Harrison is elected, and $2.50 if Van Buren is." The country was afflicted with an outbreak of campaign songs defective alike in metre and sense. Never in our history has there been such an outbreak of puerility on both sides as during this extraordinary cam-

paign. The Whigs were fighting for a principle, but they spent their strength largely in emphasizing the purely local and personal aspects of their cause. To the log-cabin argument has succeeded the appeals of the rail-fence, the canal-boat and the red bandanna!

Surely the time has come when we may put away childish things. There are other and much more serious grounds for criticism of our campaign methods, but this appearance of juvenility deserves more attention than it has yet received. It goes far to rob our political discussions of the gravity and dignity which should attend them; it turns the most serious business of the nation into boisterous sport; it interrupts and largely destroys the continuity of intelligent debate; it is beneath the dignity of a great nation. We need to minimize the influence of the demagogue and to emphasize the importance of the statesman in our campaigns; we ought to oust Cleon and his tricks, and in his place to put Pericles and his principles.

SAINTSBURY'S ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.*

In Mr. Saintsbury's *History of English (Elizabethan) Literature* we take up a book of genuine merit; one which in these days of so much superficial literary discussion deserves a special examination. Mr. Saintsbury is one of our best living authorities on French and English authorship. When he writes, he writes from a full knowledge of the subject in hand, with decided literary taste, and always in behalf of the truth. The volume in question is one of a series of four, and is purposely confined to the discussion of our literature as expressed in Elizabethan days. The other volumes, assigned, respectively, to Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Gosse, and Professor Dowden, will present the earlier and the later periods of English letters. Such a series, in connection with that fuller development of the subject now in progress under the able pen of Henry Morley, will secure to the student of our vernacular writers all the instruction he is needing. Of the twelve chapters comprising the volume, the first opens, very naturally, with Tottel's *Miscellany*, from which point the author conducts us by historical and logical sequence on to what he calls "Minor Caroline Prose," in the pages of Barton, Fuller, and simple Isaak Walton. The study of the four dramatic periods included in the general period is especially full and satisfactory, while the school of Spenser and the Commonwealth group of prosers are clearly and ably discussed. Some of the more specific topics deserve a particular mention. Such are "The Origin of Modern English Prose," "The University Wits," and "The Marlowe Group," of the first dramatic period; "The Sonneteers and Satirists of Spenser's School;" the "Prose Style of Milton and his Contemporaries;" the "Caroline Poetry of Carew and Crashaw," and "The Shaksperian Apocrypha" of the fourth dramatic period.

**A History of Elizabethan Literature*, by George Saintsbury. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

These and similar topics are approached and elaborated with critical candor, and the result is a clear and comprehensive view of the era presented. The independence of the author's conclusions, in view of the fact that his preparative reading covered a period of twenty-five years, is the best demonstration of his literary courage, as also of his courteous deference to the decisions of others. An intelligent acquaintance with what others have written on the topics we discuss conceded, nothing is more needed in our age and nation than this literary personality, a modest and yet an undaunted deliverance of one's self in matters of opinion. This volume is, to our mind, the most satisfactory that Mr. Saintsbury has as yet offered us. In some of its assertions and omissions it is, indeed, open to criticism. This is especially true as to the inferior place assigned to pre-Elizabethan letters ; as to the unduly exalted place assigned to such prose writers as Sidney, Raleigh, Clarendon, Browne, and Hobbes ; as to an order of diction too often extreme and foreign ; and as to the absence of that wide philosophic reach of conception and interpretation now so essential in all literary study. These exceptions apart, the treatise is scholarly throughout, and presented in a style both forcible and finished. To say that there is but little here that is absolutely original, in addition to the antecedent discussions of Hazlitt and Whipple, Reed and Morley, Symonds, White, and Cunningham, is not necessarily in the line of adverse criticism. In literature, as elsewhere, originality is so rare a commodity that we scarcely know it when we see it. In the sphere of historical comment, most especially, do we least expect to find much of the creative or inventive. It is enough, perhaps, to expect to find what we do find in Mr. Saintsbury—newness of method ; old truth in fresh forms ; individual judgment boldly uttered in the face of historic precedent for ages unquestioned ; and, what is best of all, a literary historian writing a book because he has something to say, and knows when he has done. Such characteristics as these are as useful to the world as originality itself.

THE BOYHOOD OF LIVING AUTHORS.*

In *The Boyhood of Living Authors* Mr. Rideing has called our attention to one of the most pleasant features of literary life and character. After reading his *Boys Coastwise* and his *Boys in the Mountains and on the Plains*, we are quite prepared to regard him as an authority on boys, a sagacious student of human nature in its first forms. The special interest of the volume before us lies in its distinctively literary type, and in the fact that the authors discussed are living and moving among us. With but two or three exceptions, moreover, the eighteen names presented are American, and for this reason, if for no other, commend themselves to all lovers of home

* *The Boyhood of Living Authors*, by W. H. Rideing. New York, 1887 : T. Y. Crowell & Co.

talent in letters. No better method of awakening an early taste for books and writers could be devised than that of placing such sketches as these in the hands of our American youth. They have all the reality of biography and enough of the romance of the unreal to attract and fascinate. If such historical portraitures at times discourage us by their disclosure of youthful skill and success in authorship, they far more frequently stimulate and quicken us by their revelation of the trials and failures of our best writers in their first literary attempts. Written in a racy, cheerful, and readable style, they furnish alike a storehouse of useful information on the topics treated and a good example of facile, practical, and tasteful English.

Which of the several sketches is the most suggestive, or what particular incidents in the boyhood of any one author are the most characteristic, it would be difficult to decide. Of Doctor Holmes we learn, as of so many others, that he was early fond of literary reading, and in his youthful production, "The Height of the Ridiculous," prefigured his ability in the line of humor. In Mr. Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*, we find some autobiographical confessions which it would be well for boys now living to peruse. Mr. Gladstone's career from Eton to Oxford, and on to the English Parliament, reads like a romance. Mr. Eggleston tells us that the authors who helped him most were Franklin, Irving, Pope, and Milton. With Whittier, the farmer's boy, literature was what it was with Burns—an impulse and a passion. In Mr. Howells's life, from his humble birth to his present literary fame, some of the best elements of his Celtic-Teutonic ancestry are visible. In Mr. Stockton's boyish fondness for stories and harmless mischief there is found much of the explanation of his present success in romance. Mr. Lowell's desertion of law for letters has been an invaluable blessing to our national authorship. Mr. Stedman, the able critic of English and American verse, is even now aiming to realize the early advice of his honored mother—"My son, be a poet"; while in Mr. Warner's selection, when a boy, of Irving as a model, we mark the sufficient reason of his facile English style.

These sketches from life are thus replete with timely teaching as to the relation of industry to genius; of literary reading to literary taste and effect; of an author's boyhood to his earlier and later manhood; and of personal character to personal culture and influence. As a law, it is as true in literature as it is elsewhere that "the child is father of the man." Those cases are historically rare, and happily so, in which high success in authorship has been achieved in later life quite apart from literary antecedents, early literary associations, and a good degree of innate literary impulse. When such an impulse early takes the form of what Wordsworth has called "a passionate intuition," the very highest results in literary expression may be expected.

BOOKS RECEIVED,

Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.

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Taxation in American States and Cities, pp. xx., 544. New York, 1888: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

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PARKER.—*The People's Bible*, Vol. VIII., pp. vii., 360. New York, 1888: Funk & Wagnalls.

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VINCENT AND JOY.—*An Outline History of Greece*, pp. 204. New York, 1888: Phillips & Hunt.